

CHICORA
CLARION
1902

QUEENS COLLEGE
LIBRARY

GIFT
OF



Miss Agnes Deal

Agnes Deal - Class of 1904

To: Loomis College

from

Agnes R. Deal
C-1, Davenport apt.
Greenville, S. C.

Nov. 20/68





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

<https://archive.org/details/chicoraclarion1903chic>

T H E C L A R I O N

CHICORA COLLEGE
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

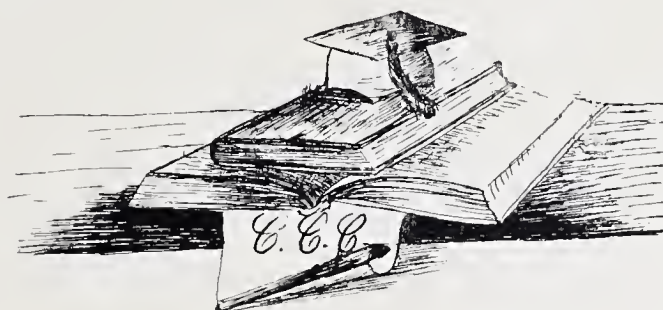
: : : *Price, \$1.00, Post-Paid* : : :



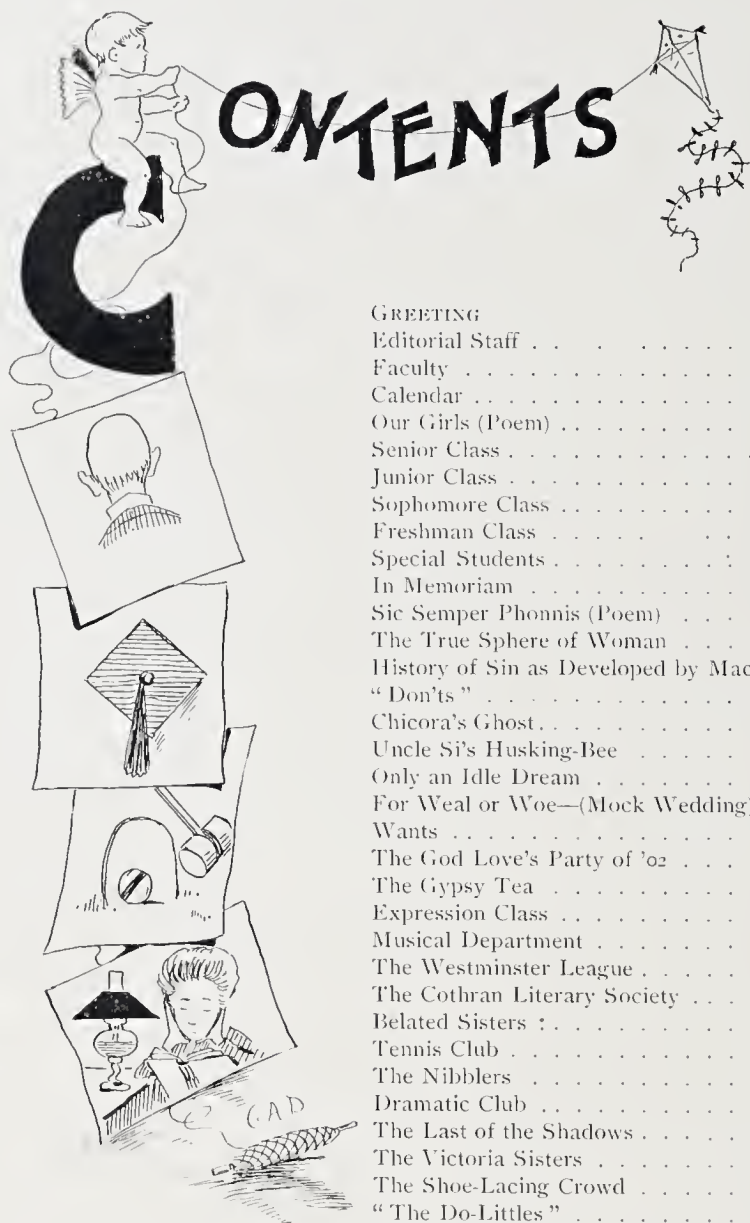
CHICORA COLLEGE.

THE CLARION

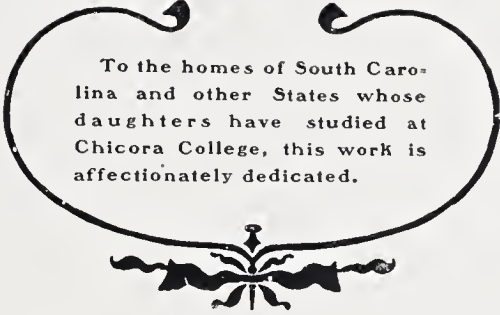
V O L U M E I I I



Published by the Students of Chicora College



GREETING	
Editorial Staff	8
Faculty	10
Calendar	13
Our Girls (Poem)	18
Senior Class	20
Junior Class	31
Sophomore Class	38
Freshman Class	42
Special Students	46
In Memoriam	48
Sic Semper Phonnis (Poem)	50
The True Sphere of Woman	51
History of Sin as Developed by Macbeth	55
"Don'ts"	57
Chicora's Ghost	58
Uncle Si's Husking-Bee	60
Only an Idle Dream	62
For Weal or Woe—(Mock Wedding)	65
Wants	66
The God Love's Party of '02	67
The Gypsy Tea	68
Expression Class	69
Musical Department	70
The Westminster League	72
The Cothran Literary Society	73
Belated Sisters	74
Tennis Club	75
The Nibblers	76
Dramatic Club	78
The Last of the Shadows	79
The Victoria Sisters	81
The Shoe-Lacing Crowd	82
"The Do-Littles"	84
Shorthand Class	85
Chorus Class	87
The College Crammers' Club	88
Chicora Chat	90



To the homes of South Carolina and other States whose daughters have studied at Chicora College, this work is affectionately dedicated.



GREETING.

As down the corridors of time
 'The Clarion" call sounds forth,
May it be heard in every clime,
 From South Pole unto North.
To aim so high we boldly dare,
 But this can ne'er be true,
Unless, dear friends, 't is heard with care
 And gently judged by you.

EDITORIAL STAFF.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

ETHEL LOUISA LATHAM

ASSISTANT EDITOR,

FREDERICA JONES

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

MARGARET SEIBELS HARMON

FANNIE BELL KERRIGAN

MARY LOUISE JOHNSON

ALICE AGNEW McCARLEY

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

EMA JEAN DOUGLAS

LILA GERTRUDE FOLGER

DEE DuPREE



EDITORS.

FACULTY.

S. R. PRESTON, M. A., D. D.

President and Professor of Philosophy, Bible Studies and Evidences.

E. VON FINGERLIN, Ph. B., Ph. L.

German, Italian, and Spanish.

MISS MARY FLORENCE PRESTON,

Professor of Natural Sciences.

MISS ETHEL LOUISA LATHAM,

Professor of English and Elocution

MISS NANNIE WITHERSPOON McFARLAND,

Professor of Mathematics and Instructor in French.

MISS ANNA LILA RILEY,

Professor of History and Instructor in Mental Science.

ALLEN JORDAN GRAHAM,

Professor of Chemistry.

MISS FREDERICA JONES,

Commercial Department.

PROFESSOR JOSEF HAGSTROM,

Musical Director.

MISS EMMA A. OEWELE,

Art Department.

W. S. PACK, M. D.	Physician to College
JAMES B. PRESTON	Business Manager
MISS ETHEL LOUISA LATHAM	Instructor in Physical Culture
MISS JESSIE McHUGH	Librarian
MRS. J. E. LINDSAY	Matron



FACULTY.

Calendar



OCTOBER 1, 1901.

One hundred girls with book in hand,
Up to Chicora College came;
Straight to the office they all ran.
The Doctor said, "Here, sign your name."
To him said all, with silly look:
"Into my head please cram this book."

OCTOBER 15.

The next event of any note,
Quite full of notes it was;
Out from our grand Director's throat
Came many sonorous oh's and ah's;
Our elocution teacher, too,
At this, their first, made her début.

OCTOBER 28.

After the teachers had recited,
They were recited to:
Then each grew very much excited,
Because she thought she'd caught a beau.
Both boys and men came by the score:
There were lectures, operas, rides galore.

NOVEMBER 5.

As on the sea there comes a calm
After the terrific gale,
So to this rush there came an end:
Soon did these men the teachers fail.
And now they sit and fingers twirl,
While beau takes out another girl.

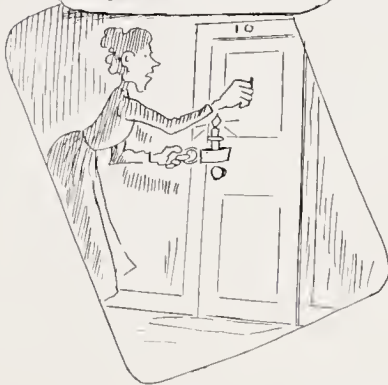


NOVEMBER 28.

Can we ever forget the dinner we had,
 Upon Thanksgiving day?
 For which we were so truly glad,
 We knew not what to say.
 But what to do we knew quite well;
 I hardly think I need to tell.

NOVEMBER 28.

That night a man did surely try
 Our grand pipe-organ new;
 He first with hands did make it cry,
 And then his feet he used some too.
 Though this we could not understand,
 By some we're told, "It was just grand."



NOVEMBER 28.

But something grander later came
That we could better comprehend,
When Doctor got upon the stage
And said the rules he would suspend.
"For twenty minutes only, though."
All heads, at this, drooped very low.

NOVEMBER 28.

The next event to none of us
Did very much appeal.
It was that loud and awful fuss,
The ringing of the steel.
Three times they heard its little song
Before the men would move along.

NOVEMBER 28.

What secrets great that night were told!
First, whispered very low,
Then, when the talkers grew too bold,
There came a rap upon the door.
"Girls, you all must go to sleep;
"T will injure health late hours to keep."



DECEMBER 21.

Our faces all were wreathed with smiles,
Our hearts were full of glee,
For nearly all were homeward bound,
The dear ones soon to see.
The ones who homeward could not go
That night received 'neath mistletoe.



JANUARY 6.

Sad to relate, we soon returned,
And fell into the same old way,
So were quite joyous when 't was learned
That we were going to have a play.
That night we saw teachers weren't made,
And one at least had missed his trade.





MARCH 16.

The people all from far and wide
 Had come together for to see,
 For close unto the Reedy's side
 The gypsies were to give a tea.
 The fortunes of both young and old
 That night were by the gypsies told.

JUNE 4.

Of other things there're not a few
 Remembered pleasantly by all,
 But they all shrink away from view
 As going home to mind we call.
 At going we are all quite glad,
 But does not parting make us sad?



Our Girls.

Chicora girls are hard to beat,
Chicora girls are fair,
Chicora girls are very sweet
And have a winsome air.

The Seniors are so dignified,
And they are half afraid
That some one will not deem them such,
And then they 'd be dismayed.

The Juniors are so very kind
To the Seniors they adore,
Especially when St. Valentine
Comes knocking at the door.

The Sophs are fair to look upon,
And always stay in place,
But with the Juniors they try hard
To keep an equal pace.

The Fresh we have and Specials too,
A half a score or more,
And with all these we constitute
The grand old seventy-four.

Oh, when we leave these dear old walls,
Sweet mem'ries we 'll retain,
And we shall oft and oft desire
To meet here once again.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Chicora girls, hurrah!
Hurrah for the bonny sweet girls,
That at Chicora are.

M. S. H. '02.

C L A S S E S





Senior Class.

MOTTO: "Spera semper spera."

FLOWER: Ox-eyed Daisy.

COLORS: Green, Yellow, and White.

YELL.

Rip! Rah! Rah!

Who? Who? Who?

Chicora! Chicora!

Nineteen and two!

OFFICERS

MARGARET HARMON	President
EDITH McCUTCHEN	Vice-President
MARY SHIELDON	Secretary and Treasurer
EMA DOUGLAS	Historian
MARGARET HARMON	Prophet
VIVIAN FOLGER	Poet

MEMBERS

MARY BEATTIE Greenville, S. C.	MARY LOUISE JOHNSON ANDERSON, S. C.
SCRIVEN COLCLOUGH Jordan, S. C.	OLIVE KELLEY Wedgefield, S. C.
DEE DUPREE Rapley, S. C.	ALICE MCCARLEY Laurens, S. C.
EMA JEAN DOUGLAS Blackstock, S. C.	PATTI McCAULEY Woodruff, S. C.
CARRIE LOU DORRHO Woodruff, S. C.	EDITH McCUTCHEN Bishopville, S. C.
VIVIAN FOLGER Easley, S. C.	ESTELLE REA Woodruff, S. C.
LILA FOLGER Central, S. C.	MARY SHIELDON Seneca, S. C.
REMER FARMER Anderson, S. C.	MAGGIE THOMPSON Townville, S. C.
MARGARET HARMON Greers, S. C.	NANNIE WESTMORELAND Woodruff, S. C.
LUCILE HUMPHREYS Donalds, S. C.	BERNICE WOOD Greers, S. C.



SENIOR CLASS.

Acrostic.

There 's Rhea and McAulay, inseparable pair ;
Humphreys, the girl who is wont to declare
Every day that Colclough ne'er sits in a chair.

Can you think Farmer, a tiller of soil,
Loving a Johnson, who never will toil ?
A beautiful Wood, that is not very dark ;
Sheldon, the girl whose life is a lark ;
Shall Westmoreland don the dress of the ark ?

Oh ! then there is Douglas o'er whom teachers rave ;
Folgers there 're two, so solemn and grave.

Next there is Dorroh, so stately and tall,
I really think by her side Kelley is small.
Now, don't forget Harmon, beloved President ;
Except not dear Beattie, our one resident.
Then there is DuPree with expression so sweet ;
Ever McCarley is talking of feet (musical ones) ;
Every day Thompson counts till we 're released ;
Now comes McCutchen, last, but not least.

There 've been classes and classes, yet I 'm sure 't is true.
Were they all compared by me or by you,
Outshone they 'd all be by Nineteen Two.

V. F. '02.

History of 1902.

THE years revolve, the months fly on their course, and once again the historian sits down to her task of acquainting the "gentle reader" with the successes and failures, the peculiarities and eccentricities, of "naughty two's," who, if the fates and the instructors be not averse, will as graduates, soon make their bow to the world.

Well, we must confidentially confess, were it not for long hours of poring over Trigonometry, Physics, and Astronomy, and for the ease with which we bear ourselves in society's realm, we might in a moment of drowsiness, fancy ourselves once more passing the days of Freshmanhood.

Our ambitions, our aspirations, are the highest, the best; our motto, "Excelsior!" Even in our infancy (as college girls) we "hitched our wagon to a star." Many of us have been marching steadily onward for two long years, some of us even four. The way has been long, the struggle hard, and we are justly proud of the many successes that have brightened our course.

Our instructors will bear us witness that our attainments in the classroom have been of no mean order. In this connection, only one point can we mention, and that is the fine spirit with which the Senior Latin Class has cleared up and embedded in memory the facts contained in the outline of Latin Syntax.

We've had our fun. We've broken most every law of the Decalogue; so we feel we can honestly take our dips with clear consciences and all the inward satisfaction of something attempted, nothing done. Not that there's "nothing doing," but that the doctrine of least work has been universally adopted.

The diversions of '02 are numerous, refreshing, and invigorating. All possess a tendency for the trodden paths of transgression. Some delight in paying penalties by memorizing a portion of "Dictionary"; others have stained their record with an occasional "mark." Limited numbers remain in their rooms on Monday afternoons, endeavoring to escape the ways of error.

However, the memories of the many pleasant days spent in and around dear old Chicora will not soon be forgotten by those who compose this noble Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two.

And now we shall soon bid farewell to the days spent amid the all-powerful but quiet influence of the charm that pervades that little spot of earth called Chicora. May our own lives reflect the high principles which our associations here have instilled into our minds, and may the great, busy world have cause to congratulate itself that here we were prepared for life's struggle.

THE HISTORIAN.

Prophecy.

It was twilight of a winter's eve. The peculiar silence which is characteristic of that period of the day had fallen like a holy calm upon the city. I sat in my room alone, absorbed in thoughts of the future, when suddenly the room was transformed into a winding country road along which I was walking with the noonday sun beaming full upon me.

Catching a glimpse of a shady, cool-looking knoll some distance to the right of the road, I turned aside in that direction, hoping to find a suitable place where I could rest a while. As I neared the knoll it grew larger and larger, and on coming upon it I perceived an opening in the side over which was written in large letters, "Cave of Futurity."

Ferns and beautiful flowers grew in the cavern and the delightful coolness of the atmosphere lured me into it. After delightedly looking about me for a time, I caught sight of a couch made from soft green moss, and being very weary, I could not resist the temptation to lay me down and rest. Immediately, as if by magic, I was carried forward into the future, and a living panorama, familiar and yet unfamiliar, passed before my wondering, raptured sight.

The first picture presented was Birmingham parish, which boasted of the best rector in the State. Every one sang the praises of this good man, especially the sick and destitute. Day and night he was seen darting in and out of the homes of the rich and hovels of the poor alike, seeing about his Father's business. The question was asked why it was that when he was young he was so worldly and now he led such a useful life. The good man answered himself that he owed it all to the influence of his excellent wife who was Mary Beattie, of Greenville, S. C.

The parish fades away and the great hospital of Baltimore takes its place. Here I saw a corps of well-trained nurses flitting noiselessly about, smoothing a pillow here, administering a palliative there, and doing the thousand and one little things which go to make up the life of a trained nurse. But I noticed that among these nurses, which all seemed alike to me, there was evidently one who was a general favorite. The patients had named her the "Good Angel of the Hospital," and I began to study her to see if the name was appropriate. Something about her movements carried me back to my school days, and the form of Scriven Colclough persisted in coming up before me.

The hospital was supplanted by the little village of B——, at the foot of the Adirondaeks. Quite a commotion was being made among the inhabitants of the village by the arrival of a tall, stately young woman who announced herself as Miss Dorroh, and an inventor. A woman inventor! The bare mention of such a thing so astonished these simple-minded people that they demanded an explanation as to what led her to be such a thing and what she had invented. She told them her curiosity and then began producing her wares to convince them of the truth of her statement. • First came a tumbler-dryer which would thoroughly dry seventy-five tumblers in the space of a minute. Then came a most wonderful machine which would remove the soiled linen from eight tables, putting in their places spotless cloths. The women and girls took to her immediately, and she was allowed to remain. Soon, by her inventions and discoveries, she established for herself an everlasting fame and became the wonder of the surrounding country.

The next scene was a courthouse in a certain city of our native State about which was thronged an enormous crowd of people of every description. A visitor, not knowing that this was court week, would naturally enquire the occasion of such a crowd. Having been told that a big case was being tried, I elbowed my way through the crowd and into the building. My notice was at once attracted by a young woman pleading most earnestly for the prisoner at the bar. I enquired of the gentleman at my right if she were merely a witness, when to my astonishment, he told me that she was sole lawyer for the criminal. My attention waxed stronger and I watched her every movement which, strange to say, seemed familiar. At last she finished and the jury went out and came back ere long with "Not guilty." "Due entirely," as the judge announced, "to the successful pleading of the criminal's lawyer, Ema Douglas."

The scene was again changed, and the main street of a flourishing Virginia town came up before me. About half-way down the street was an immense building, covering a square of the city. This was a department store where a wealthy young man was carrying on a large and lucrative business. The young man, in company with a friend, was standing near the main entrance of the building, evidently waiting for some one. He was a handsome young man, of medium height, with black hair and dark brown eyes. Presently a young lady entered and, advancing to meet her, he presented her to his friend as his better half. When she turned to speak I recognized the familiar face of Dee DuPree.

The brilliantly lighted ballroom of the hotel in a celebrated summer resort next came up before me. Here a great crowd of people were gathered from every State and peals of laughter betokened mirth and enjoyment. A great many beautiful women were here, but one especially was talked of as the reigning belle of the season. She, with her partner, was to lead the dance, and as they stood waiting for the music to begin admiring glances were cast upon them, for they were indeed a well-matched couple. The next morning the paper announced that Miss Reiner Farmer and Mr. Charles Osmond led the dance the night before.

The reading-room of one of the public libraries of New York supplanted the ballroom. Around a table a number of people were gathered and a lively discussion was going on as to who wrote some verses which had come out in one of the late magazines and caused quite a sensation. The signature affixed was 22, 6. Some one suggested that they count down the alphabet and find out what letters corresponded to these numbers. This was done and the poet's initials were found to be V. F. I recognized in a flash that this was no other than our class poet, Vivian Folger.

Scarcely had the reading-room faded from view when a school building in one of the rural districts arose. It was recess, and a score or more of small urchins were playing at leap-frog, while from within the school-room came the droning sound of kept-in truants' voices. After a little the school-mistress came to the door to ring the bell, and a passer-by asked of one little fellow loitering behind who his teacher was. Immediately came the answer, "Miss Lila Folger, and she's a good un, too; but she's awful strict."

A rapidly growing and well ordered institution for young ladies in West Virginia followed the school building. An election for the Mathematics chair had just been made and the new teacher was Lucile Humphreys. Reports concerning her had preceded her. It was told that she had astonished the male students at Vanderbilt by leading her class, and every day when the different classes assembled her intellect was envied by all.

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

The college was succeeded by the slums of the city of Anderson, which had been greatly changed. In the windows of the tenement-houses were beautiful flowers imparting their cheery brightness to the inmates and exhaling perfume as a sweet incense, blessing all those who came in contact with it. The children of these tenements were neatly dressed, clean-looking, rosy lads and lasses who had a goodly amount of learning in the elementary

branches and much pride in keeping this up. The mothers were contented and happy. Ask them why such a change, and they will tell you it is all due to the sweet influence of Louise Johnson, whose praises they continually sang and who they said remained beneath the parental roof and was proving a blessing to her parents in their old age and to the community in which she lives.

A beautiful town in Florida next claimed my attention. On one of the principal streets was a neat building known as the City Sanitarium. This was the sole property of Olive Kelley, whose ambition was always to be a first-class physician. Shortly after leaving school Olive was joined in blissful wedlock to an officer of our native State. But after the honeymoon was over and they began to face the stern realities of life she realized that this was not to be her life-work, so she, along with her husband, decided to move out of this State and fulfil the end for which she believed she was made.

The Indian Territory took the place of the Florida town, and I noticed a vast change in the condition of the inhabitants. They were being educated and civilized and were fast becoming good and useful citizens of our country. A number of men and women had nobly sacrificed their lives to educate and Christianize these poor benighted creatures. Among this number was Patti McAuley, of whom would be expected just such a noble work.

The interior of China, that most interesting of mission fields, I then saw. Here I found only one of our band, and we can all guess who that was. It was our little Alice McCarley, who was always the ringleader in all that was good and ennobling and which tended toward the highest form of education—the training of our spiritual life. She was spending and being spent to advance the kingdom of Christ and to kindle a light in this great darkness.

The quaint old city of Charleston rises up before me and on one of its principal streets was a beautiful modern home. The plate on the door told the passer-by or caller that a physician lived here. While I was admiring the gardens, with their flowers, statuary, and fountains, the ponderous gates swung back on their hinges and a carriage, drawn by two spirited bays and driven by a liveried servant, came out. As it passed by I glanced into it and looked right into the face of Edith McCutchen, who had become the wife of Charleston's greatest physician.

The scene again changes, and a suburban home in one of the cities of Alabama arose before me. Here an electrician of great fame and wealth

resided. The curtains at one of the windows was drawn aside, which enabled me to see into the sitting-room. The lights had not yet been turned on, but in the soft glow of the firelight two persons could be seen sitting side by side conversing in low, earnest tones. One was the electrician, the other his wife. I could not see their faces, but while I was still looking at them the lights came on. The lady arose and advancing towards the window, peered out into the gathering gloom before drawing the curtains, and it was the face of Mary Sheldon that I saw just as the curtains were drawn together.

Once more there is a shifting of scenery, and a rolling prairie with its ranches and sturdy herdsmen, met my gaze. There was a neat little cottage on this prairie, and in front of it a "sharp"-featured young man was sitting on a horse, evidently waiting for some one. Presently a tall young lady came out of the house and going up to the gentleman, handed him a letter to mail. Her face and air were familiar, and calling on memory to help me out, the face of Maggie Thompson came up before me.

An open plain in an adjoining State meets my view, and here were assembled a vast concourse of women, evidently having a meeting of some kind. All were talking at one time, and there was a perfect din and uproar. I overheard the conversation between the two nearest me and was amazed to learn that this was a political meeting and that these women had formed a combine to defeat the men at the next election. At last calm ensued and one of them ascended the platform to deliver the address of the occasion. I was surprised to recognize the figure of Nan Westmoreland, but before I could catch what she was saying, my eyes were resting on an entirely different scene.

The principal street of a bustling Northern city constituted this scene. Among the multitude of signs hanging out was this one, "Bernice Wood, Stenographer." My gaze rested long upon it and then wandered up to the window to see perchance if I might catch a glimpse of the owner. Yes; there she was, seated before a typewriter, and the incessant click of the instrument showed with what rapidity and ease she was writing. On a table by her side was a manuscript covered with queer signs and symbols which she was copying. She looked out into the open street and I saw again the old, familiar face. If we may believe rumor, she was establishing an enviable reputation for herself.

Leipsie ended the panorama. Here I saw Estelle Rea laboring patiently for her Ph. D. degree and side by side with her was some one so like myself that it must have been my other self.

PROPHET.

To the Class of 1902.

Here 's to the Class of 1902!

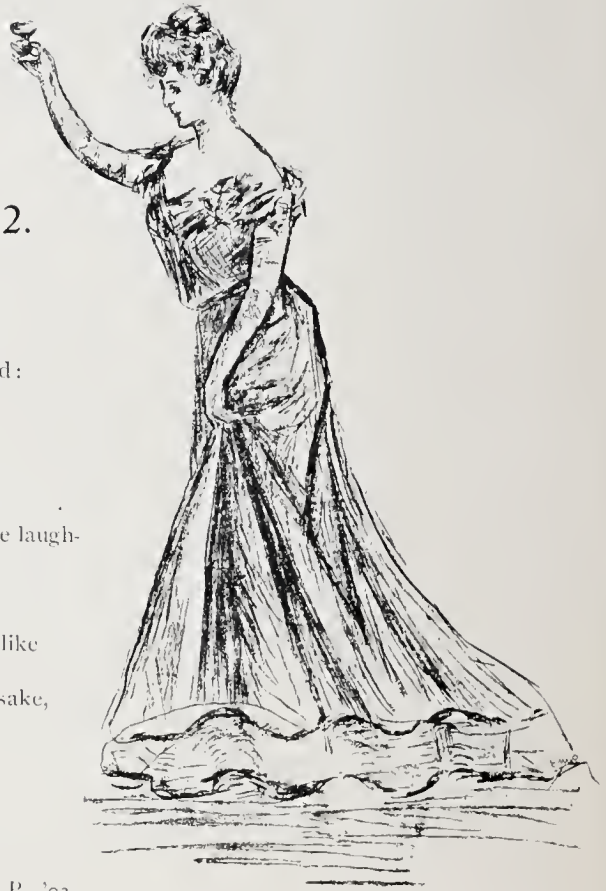
With our hearts and lips we respond:
May Fortune ever grant them all
A touch of her magic wand.

May Time as he passes on his way,
Touch them with a kindly hand;
May the smiles ne'er be dimmed, nor the laugh-
ter checked,
Of this happy Senior Band.

Though the passing years may change alike
Chestnut and gold to gray,
We 'll think of them still for old time's sake,
As they leave us here to-day.

And in after years when we meet again,
Though those that are left be few,
We 'll toast them still, as we do to-day:
Here 's to the Class of 1902!

Z. P., '03.



Class of 1903.

Motto: "We Live to Conquer."

FLOWERS: Pink Rose.

COLORS: Green and White.

Hell.

Green and White! Green and White!

Naughty three is out of sight!

Rip-Rah! Rip-Rah! Rip-Rah-Ree!

We are the Class of 1903!

Officers.

ELLEN PERRY	President
FANNIE RILEY	Vice-President
NETTIE PACK	Secretary
FREDREE ANSEL	Treasurer
ANNIE SHANKLIN	Historian

Contributors.

Zaidee Poe

FANNIE RILEY

MABEL TILDEN

Members.

Annie Shanklin

Nettie Pack

Sallie Beattie

Zaidee Poe

Louise Ligon

Louise Cowan

Annie Sadler

Nell Norris

Leila Thompson

Daisy Bradley

Mayme Mayes

Ella Belle Copeland

Ala Smith

Carrie Peden

Bessie Taylor

Alybel Adams

Clara Simpson

Christine McCaskill

Janie Johnson

Ellen Perry

Mattie Tripp

Annie Kellett

Lois Smith

Helen Littlejohn

Fredree Ansel

Mabel Tilden

Fannie Riley

Bertie Cunningham





STONE MORGAN, Va.

JUNIOR CLASS.



Junior Class Alphabet.

- A is for Annie, a maiden demure,
Never undignified, of that we're sure.
- B is for Bessie, tall and so stately,
She only came in our class quite lately.
- C is for Clara, who is certain to fret,
It matters not how many marks she may get.
- D is for Daisy, the girl who will grin
At any and everything, no matter when.
- E is for Ella Belle, so quiet and staid
That at report period she comes out ahead.
- F is for Fred, who has so much "cheek,"
She'll get what she asks, if she asks for a week.
- G is for Green that, united with white,
We all think is a beautiful sight.
- H is for Helen, Miss Pole in our play,
We're sure she'll be a great actress some day.
- I is for idiots, whom we have none,
Though all of us are quite fond of fun.
- J is for Janie, who makes a fine sport
With a borrowed beaver and D's overcoat.

K is for kisses the boy gave to Jennie.
Though we doubt it, she says he hadn't so many.

L is for Leila, Lois, and Louise,
Who try very hard their teachers to please.

M is for Mamie who's so very sweet,
That with a glad smile she tries all to greet.

N is for Nettie, our class Secretary,
Noted for being quite literary.

O is for owls, not wiser than we,
The Senior Class of nineteen three.

P is for Perry, her first name being Ellen,
She'd make a good picture to advertise Mellin.

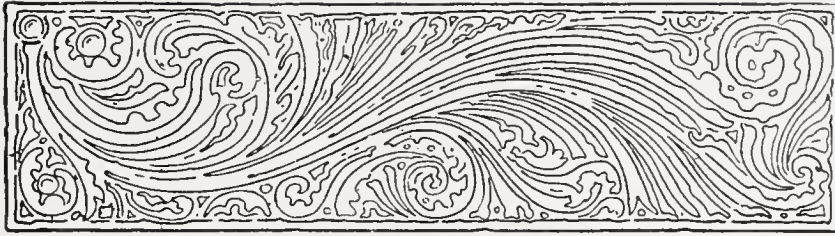
Q is for queer that describes Kellett's dreams,
That are sure to come out just as it seems.

R is for Riley, our very best scholar,
For this distinction she deserves a gold dollar.

S is for Sallie, always saying "darn,"
But we're sure she doesn't mean any harm.

T is for Tilden, our singer so grand,
In the world she'll surely take a good stand.

Z is for Zaidee, who is learning to wink,
For she's going to the "Clemson Hop," we think.



History.

THE history of '03 began in September, nineteen hundred. While the world was made more beautiful by the purple haze of Indian Summer, we left our homes with scarcely a dream of the trials of college life. But ere many days had passed away we found that we were not to exist as mere butterflies, but would have some arduous tasks to perform. Our members began their work with such earnestness it was evident that when the months rolled around '03 would be well represented on the Roll of Distinction, adding luster to the already shining reputation of this institution.

Months passed into years, the years revolved, and after continued struggles we are as found to-day, strong in numbers and courage, with victory written upon our banner. We have marched steadily onward and are now nearing the end of our third year's journey; and if the faculty be not opposed, we all hope to be numbered with the graduates of naught three.

The present session has been an uneventful and difficult one. The newly established examinations have made our burdens heavier and low marks have brought forth breezy letters from home, but when after one more year of toil the world of knowledge shall be opened to us, memory in her kindness will draw a curtain over the past, and the years which we have spent here will appear as a pleasure of youth.

In a few months we will turn to the duties of our Senior year, which we hear are none too easy. Let us trust that our contests in the past have taught us valuable lessons in aim and purpose which will enable us to pass through them successfully.

A. S., '03.



Sophomore Class.

MOTTO: Perseverance Overcometh All Things.

COLORS: Old Gold and White.

FLOWERS: Cream and White Roses

Officers.

GRACE GRAHAM	President
MAY LITTLE	Vice-President
SUSIE GRAHAM	Secretary and Treasurer
BESSIE MAY LIPSCOMB	Historian

Class Roll.

Annie Boleman	Cora Latimer	Blanche Clinkscapes
May Little	Ethel Connell	Bessie May Lipscomb
Bertie Cunningham	Alice Means	Rosa Davenport
Maude Owens	Agnes Deal	Bessie Peden
Grace Graham	Mittie Shaver	Susie Graham
May Strawn	Eliza Hammond	Carrie Stoddard
Ruby Hammond	Mattie Tripp	Ethel King
Mary Sue Walker	Nell Young	Marie McWhirter
	Mildred Lindsay	



SOPHOMORE CLASS



History.

FOR the first time in its career the Class of 1904 comes before the public, with the greenness of the Freshman years worn off, to stand forth as dignified Sophomores. We try to uphold our dignity, even when we hear the Juniors speak of their Sophomore year as something far in the past.

The subject of mathematics has ever been a sore one with the Sophomore Class, and our progress in this branch of study has been a constant struggle.

Ours being an unexciting and uneventful position—midway between the undistinguished Freshman and the glorious Junior—the class history lags at times. However, we hope next year to shine forth as “Seniors-elect,” and we are convinced that “Old Sol” will nowhere shine on a more brilliant class.

B. M. L., '04.



The Freshman Class.

MOTTO: Walls must get the weather-stain before they grow the ivy.

COLORS: Old Rose and White.

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

Officers.

IRENE HOWELL	President
FLAVIE DeCAMPs	Vice-President
LOTTIE LOU EADY	Secretary and Treasurer
ELLEN GRAHAM	Historian

Members.

Annie Bray
Ada Graham
Agnes Seyle
Marion King
Eula Dunn
Carrie Sims

Ellen Graham
Jennie Charles
Theodora Hayne
Hattie Davenport
Barbara Speegle
Olive Fulton

Emma Clyde
Irene Howell
Flavie DeCamps
Lillian Rogers
Lottie Lou Eady
Lucile White



FRESHMAN CLASS



History.

“ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.” So says a great writer, and we, the Freshman Class, make now our first bow to the public. The greater part of us appeared on Chicora's stage of action only last year, and we are looked down on as “Freshie” by some older heads; but we feel our own importance.

Just give us time! A look at our picture which graces these pages, will convince any observer that our claims to excellence are well-founded. The teachers know how well we do in Algebra, English Grammar, etc., to say nothing of Music, Art, and Elocution. But they never brag on us, for fear of turning our heads.

We are the happiest class in the College, except on examination days; but even then we are happier than the Seniors, because if we fail, we still have another chance. No diploma to lose for us!

Then, unlike the Miller of Dee, we care for everybody, so we do, and everybody cares for us. Don't you agree with me that we are the best class in school?

Specials of '02.

FANNYE KERRIGAN

EUBANK TAYLOR

ELIZABETH EADY

ETHEL CONNELL

EULA DUNN

JENNIE TIMMONS

BERTIE GREGG

MARY WITHERSPOON

MAMIE McNEILL

DAISY CRAWFORD

COLORS: Pink and Gray.

YELL.

Specials! Specials!

We! We! We!

Come along! Come along!

Get up and "Gee"!

Specials.

DOUBTLESS we are accused by some people of that most objectionable term, "Laziness," all of whom have failed to understand our motives and practical ideas, tho' to us these plans show no semblance of complication.

We think it profitable to dwell in the realms of "Common Sense." The whole of our time is not spent between the well-worn covers of ancient books, where idealism is wont to wander.

After serious reflection on the Specials, as a whole, and individually, we can say with all safety that there was never a more striking intermingling of wonderful talents. Being so endowed, the most of our time and attention is given to what is best and greatest.

Thorough knowledge is our object. To attain this end we are striving. What care we for mere acquaintance with the different branches of education! When the Specials leave College for the last time, not once will they be called sciolists.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"

is our motto. With this in mind, we tenaciously grasp the opportunities in our sphere and toil on.

F. B. K.



SPECIAL STUDENTS.

IN MEMORIAM.



Born February 6th, 1883.

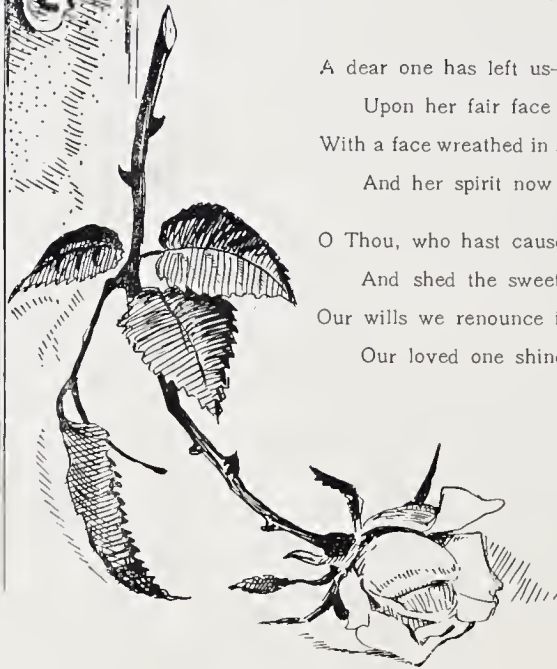
Died April 11th, 1902.



A dear one has left us—life's struggle is ended ;
Upon her fair face we shall look never-more ;
With a face wreathed in smiles to bright realms she ascended
And her spirit now treads on the echoless shore.

O Thou, who hast caused this bright light to shine
And shed the sweet rays we all love,
Our wills we renounce in submission to thine,
Our loved one shines brighter above.

VIVIAN FOLGER, '02.



Ema Douglas.

LATE in the fall of nineteen hundred there appeared in our midst a bright, intelligent girl with such a lovable disposition that she immediately became a great favorite among both teachers and pupils. She had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for five years, and the influence of her beautiful christian life was felt by all with whom she came in contact. At the beginning of last term hers was one of the brightest faces to be seen. She had come back full of hope and with many bright plans for the future, for she was a Senior.

The months passed tranquilly on, and at the dawning of that most beautiful season of all the year she began her arduous duties as business manager of the Annual, and through her untiring efforts it was placed so soon in the hands of the printer. Yet none dreamed that the Angel of Death was hovering near. But God had His plans, and in the spring-time of her youth, as a rose is nipped by the frost, this fair flower of God's family drooped and died. "She had fought the good fight, she had finished the course, she had kept the faith." From the influence of her unselfish character, her pure and consecrated life, and the memory of her glorious death—

"We do believe that God will give a sweet surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes;
That just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only we
Are counted worthy in that by and by."

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, God, in His wisdom and love, has seen fit to take from our class one of its brightest and best members, Ema Douglas :

WHEREAS, we the Class of 1902 of Chicora College, though submissive to the will of God, yet deeply mourning our loss of one whose memory we shall love and cherish, and desiring to show our appreciation of her life, and the high esteem in which we held her ; therefore, be it

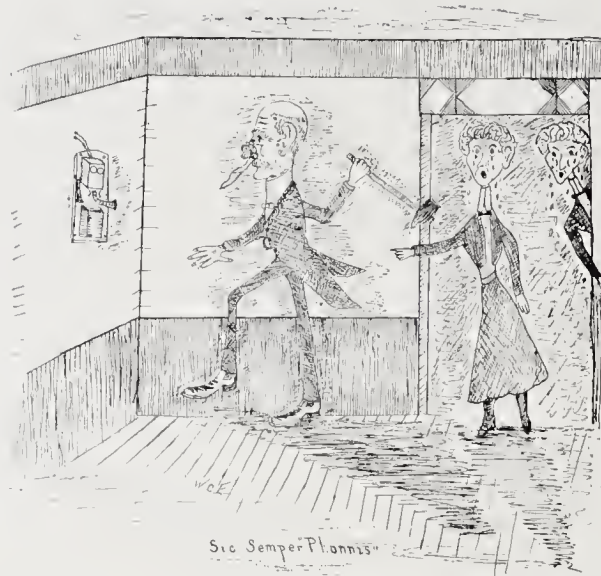
Resolved, 1st. That in her death the class has sustained the loss of a faithful and energetic member, a pure, lovable character, and as individuals a valued and beloved friend.

2d. That our desire is to pay tribute to one whose prospects for usefulness were so bright, and whose influence for good was felt by every one who came in contact with her.

3d. That we, realizing the bereavement of the family, and especially of the dear mother, extend our heartfelt sympathy and prayers for God's blessing and comfort to rest upon them.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and a copy for publication to the Annual for her faithful services in its behalf.

Committee { MARGARET HARMON,
EDITH MCCUTCHEN,
MARY SHELTON,
ALICE McCARLEY.



The folks who think they don't quite catch
 What this is meant to illustrate,
 Just read this little tale of woe
 That I am going to narrate.

During the fall of naughty-naught,
 Chicora had a 'phone or two,
 But Doctor such great havoc wrought
 That now without we have to do.

We used to 'phone to Ma and Pa,
 And one or two (?) young gentlemen;
 This Doctor soon discovered, ah!
 And vowed the latter he would end.

'T was in the Christmas holidays,
 When all the girls to home had gone,
 Except the two in the doorway,
 With faces both so woebegone.

Just as the one whom you see best,
 "Is that you Furman?" loud had said,
 In Doctor walked—you know the rest—
 Her face grew suddenly quite red.

"Sic Semper Phonnis!" fairly yelled
 The Doctor, with his hatchet raised,
 And to the floor the 'phone he felled,
 Before the girls so much amazed.

V. F., '02.

The True Sphere of Woman.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

PERMIT us to say in the outset, that a woman finds her true sphere in the home-circle. We confess that we have no sympathy whatever with the world expressions that are clamoring for the so-called "woman's rights." We are confident that woman's constitution, physical and moral, is such as unfits her for the exercise of these so-called "rights." Her fragile frame, her confiding temperament, her sensitive nature, all disqualify her for plodding the paths of life, marked out by providence for the sterner sex; and indicate in unquestionable terms, that she was designed to tread the shady retreats of domestic life.

"Woman presideth in the house," says an eminent writer, "and there is peace. She commands with judgment, she informs the minds of those around her, and fashions their manners, from the example of her own goodness. The word of her mouth is the care of their lives; the motion of her eye commands obedience. In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she heals the wounds of fortune with patience. This is the true sphere of woman."

Man's rough and rugged nature naturally seeks and clings to the contrast of itself. He clings to the soft and gentle. First man was created; and then woman was given as a helpmate for man. Their very natures, then, are opposed to each other; and when woman would desert her appropriate sphere and rush into forensic halls, or mount political hustings, or ascend lecture platforms, or mingle in promiscuous crowds of election days, she will inevitably throw aside the veil of modesty; she will leave behind the cloak of gentleness, and fling from her those amiable qualities which flourish best in pleasant retreats, and the shady groves of home. Woman in her true sphere refuses to mingle in the busy marts of trade, and the filthy pools of politics.

Whenever a woman throws aside the modesty and gentleness of her sex, she loses her beauty, and destroys her influence. Her influence does not lie in might and power. She was not created to govern by strength of authority or by force of arms. These powers do not belong to her. Her weapons are soft words, gentle tones, and loving acts. With these she can conquer, and her victory will only be the more glorious for being bloodless.

Why need woman clamor for rights in the political world? She has rights infinitely more sacred and noble than any she need claim in that arena. Her rights are the glorious privilege of soothing sorrow with her sympathy, of cheering despondency with her tenderness, and of brightening home with her smiles, gentle tones, and loving words. Let her turn from politics and aspire to be what she should be—the light of home and the ornament of society. She can here find rights and duties worthy of the highest powers and of the most angelic nature. Our gifted countryman, Washington Irving, has beautifully illustrated this thought. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tenderness, and binds its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity: winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly upholding the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. Let woman then eschew publicity, and essay to make home what it should be—a paradise of calm and innocent delight.

The rights of woman, what are they?

“The rights of woman,” what are they?
The right to labor, love and pray,
The right to weep when others weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear,
The right to soothe the brow of care,
And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death,
The right when earthly hopes shall fail
To point to that beyond the vale.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith to Him who died,
With earnest love and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right to live for those we love,
The right to die that love to prove,
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well.
Thy silent influence none can tell;
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for.

Modesty has hitherto been the distinctive characteristic of the Southern woman. Like the sweet violet, she has dwelt in the shade, and diffuses her perfumes upon the winds from the charmed recesses of domestic retirement. Let her ever endeavor to uphold this character, and let her ever cultivate with care and assiduity whatever is gentle, loving, and admirable in female character.

May the time never come when Carolina's fair daughters shall be found in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the whirl of political strife.

CLARA SIMPSON, '02.



Woman's Sphere.

WOMAN'S sphere has been discussed for many years, but the question has never yet been successfully settled. Some have argued that woman should have no part in the business and politics of the country; others maintain that she is certainly as capable of these duties as the other sex, and advocate the "Woman's Rights" to an alarming degree.

Woman's true sphere consists in taking care of, comforting, and making the world bright and cheerful for mankind. It may be that she can do this better by entering the business world and taking upon herself the duties usually assigned to man, or she may become a trained nurse, and follow in the footsteps of Clara Barton or the noble Englishwoman, Florence Nightingale, of whom it is said that the wounded soldiers kissed her shadow as she passed. Whatever may be her sphere or position in life, whether she be clerk, dressmaker, nurse, actress, or grand lady, if she only conducts herself as every lady should, she will always be regarded with the tender admiration and respect that every man has toward the woman he loves and admires.

One of the grandest occupations that the world offers has, for years, been filled almost entirely by women. This is the trained nurse. No one can enumerate the cases where a dying man has been comforted by the touch of a woman's hand, or the sound of a woman's voice. Noble work has been done by the trained nurses in every war during the last thirty years. Many a soldier has died, thanking God for the woman who so tenderly ministered to him in his last hours. The Red Cross Society gives ample proof of the good done by these unselfish and noble-minded women.

Another good work accomplished by women in the last few years, is the advancement of education, either by teaching or by the endowment of schools and colleges. Many of the best teachers of the country are women, and women have made some of the richest endowments to colleges; for example, Mrs. Hearst's magnificent gift to the University of California, and Mrs. Stanford's to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

These women will always be remembered, and yet it was not necessary for them to enter business, or compete with men in the race of life in any way whatsoever.

Thus woman may have a "sphere" wherever she may be thrown, and if she will only be true to herself, will be a comfort and a blessing to all mankind, as it was intended that she should be.

ELLEN PERRY, '03.



History of Sin, as Developed in Macbeth.

REGARDING Macbeth as the history of sin, what a lesson it presents of the secret possibilities of evil wrapped up in the moral constitution of man! The first few disobediences of conscience so dull our soul's ear that we cease to hear the "still small voice" and our course must necessarily be a downward one.

The early birth-date of Macbeth's guilt, which leads him on in his downward career, began from his first disobedience of conscience, prompted by the salutation of the Weird Sisters which was like "a spark to the magazine of wickedness."

When Macbeth is first presented to us, he has the elements of a noble, brave, ambitious, and loyal patriot, honored and esteemed by all. How soon, however, do we find his ambition, which might have proved his guiding star to greatness, poisoned as it were by flattery of friends and fellow soldiers.

It seemed to be ordered that Macbeth should meet the Weird Sisters "in the day of success," when exultation over his great victory would naturally prompt a mind such as his to catch at any ambitious hopes. Thus being hailed King, Macbeth began his plans then for usurping the throne. Encouraged by the words of the Weird Sisters and urged on by his wife, he murdered the King, and thus yielded to the great temptation which proved his ruin.

From this time on, Macbeth took rapid strides downward. He indulged in morbidness and his mind was filled with imaginations. He felt no remorse nor sense of sin, but was continually haunted by the fear of discovery and

thus having to lose what had cost him so dear. His cowardice urged him on to new murders. To have peace he necessarily had to make constant use of his dagger, and every thrust he made stabbed a new wound in his soul.

His plans developed. He no longer needed the help of his wife, all love for whom had been destroyed by selfishness, but with a bold spirit he planned the murder of Banquo. After this was accomplished he rushed on recklessly, devoid of all conscience. Crime had but the effect of goading him on until he had waded so deep into the whirlpool of iniquity that it would have been a far easier task to sink down in it and perish than to extricate himself from it.

However, the turning point in Macbeth's career was reached in the murder of Banquo. Up to this time he had been seemingly fortunate in all his bloody plans, but the crisis was passed. Instead of going forward to success, he rushed on to ruin and death which came at the hands of Macduff.

Many are the important lessons which can be gleaned from the tragedy of Macbeth ; but we haven't time for discussion here. One of the principal ones, however, is that although ambition is essential to progress, yet, used in the wrong way, it is detrimental to character.

MARY BEATTIE, '02.



“DON'TS.”

Don't walk on your heels in study-hall,
For that is a grievous wrong ;
If you're careful of others' comfort,
You'll tip on your toes along.

Don't speak without permission :
You might talk on a Christmas theme,
Or indulge in a laugh or two—
Then you'd witness the teacher's spleen.

Don't look in the Auditorium
At the boys you chance to see :
Miss Jones 'll hear you a page of dictionary,
Which is horrid, you must agree.

Don't go in bookstores nor cafés,
Whate'er you may have to do :
Boys often go to such places—
And you know the result to you.

Don't get a mark before Christmas :
You 'll regret it if you do :
You 'll be sent up after the concert,
When everybody 's gay but you.

Leave the College on Mondays only :
Break not that iron decree.
Don't refuse to act in society,
For a quarter will be your fee.

Don't go to Fitzgerald's or drugstores
Unless under a monitor's care :
“ Monsters ” never fall into danger,
No matter what they do or dare.

Don't *ever* go to the cemetery :
Of that have a holy fear,
For the punishment awarded might cost you
Many a precious tear.

Now, there are lots of other don'ts
Which I might name, but I won't :
They will save till the next time,
So I will close my rhyme.

A. A. M., '02.



“Chicora’s Ghost.”

MID the bright and varied pleasures that surround Chicora, there is one thing that sometimes appears to cast a shadow over our happy days.

The eight large rooms in the center of the present dormitory were formerly a part of an old mansion. These rooms testify to their antiquity by their peculiar structure, each having mysterious little alcoves over-shadowed by still more mysterious paneled doors near the ceiling.

A former resident met with the sad misfortune several years ago of losing his mind on account of financial embarrassments and shortly afterwards committed suicide by jumping from the window of an east room on the second floor. His plan was accomplished, for he was found lying on the pavement with his neck broken.

Ever after this the ghost of the deceased is said, by the servants, to dwell in that room, and to make nocturnal visits to its unsuspecting occupants. This story being circulated among the students, nothing could induce an old girl to select her room in that part of the dormitory. Therefore each year finds new girls there.

At the beginning of this term, as usual, two new girls were assigned to that room. At first they were delighted with its airy windows and its beautiful view; but their ardor was damped on the second night when a crowd assembled and rehearsed the legend of the ghost. All that night the two girls lay awake in nervous terror, clinging fast to each other, and expecting each moment to be greeted by a visit of a ghastly figure. But no ghost came. Everything went on peacefully for several months and the thoughts of the ghost died away.

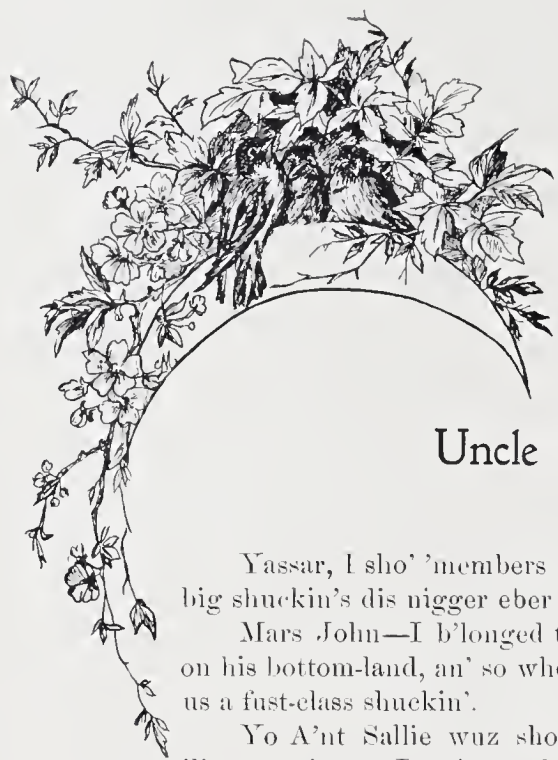
One cold, rainy night, about the middle of November, when every one had just fallen asleep, the girls in the haunted room were suddenly

awakened by three slow, mysterious knocks on the closet door near the head of their bed. As the girls turned their heads in this direction the door slowly but surely opened. A clanking as of chains was heard, and out glided a tall, gaunt, white-clad figure. It came to the side of the bed and looking down upon the girls with fiery eyes, pointed with spectral arm to the window, then turned and deliberately walked out through the door.

Before the girls had scarcely regained their consciousness balls of fire began playing from pillow to pillow. The door opened and swung backward and forward on its creaking hinges; chairs and tables were overturned in wild confusion. By this time frightened voices were heard in the hall calling on these girls for help. Their strength returning, they immediately rushed out and found the girls relating the same instance of which they had been witnesses.

The crowd then started for the teachers to unravel the mystery. As they crossed the hall slow, muffled steps were heard approaching and a doleful voice sang, "Asleep in Jesus." As the girls burst into the teacher's room there arose one loud, prolonged, unearthly yell that made our blood grow cold with horror and stop the pulse. The sound echoed along the corridors, growing louder and louder, and awakening every one in the house. Just at that moment a fearful burst of thunder shook the house and the wind rushing through the hall was filled with a myriad of unearthly forms. By the flash of lightning we saw the horrid, gory, half-decayed form change into a fiery ball, and with its contumely mass start toward the cemetery. Pointing toward the fatal window, it shrieked in soul-piercing tones: "Beware! Beware! Beware!"

L. G. F., '02.



Uncle Si's Husking-Bee.

Yassar, I sho' 'members dat corn shuckin'. It wuz de biggest ob all de big shuckin's dis nigger eber 'tended.

Mars John—I b'longed to him den—had made a sight ob corn dat year on his bottom-land, an' so when time come to git de ruff off' dat eorn, he gib us a fust-class shuckin'.

Yo A'nt Sallie wuz sho' tellin' ob de trufe when she sez we had an iligant toime. Law! sar, but dis wuzent de only one. Why, baek dar before de war, ebery nigger had a good time, fur didn't he allus have plenty to eat an' plenty to wear?

Dat wuz in de year '59, when Mars John gib us lief to go to all de nigh plantations and ax ober all der good-lookin' folks to de shuckin'. Dis wuz de fust time in all ob my life dat I eber seen Sallie.

De eorn wuz piled up here an' thar in great heaps an' we'd a almos a thought we'd reached de lau' ob eorn an' wine if de cider had bin a leetle mo' plenty.

Oh! de site ob de good-lookin' gals! Dey wuz thar by de score.

The hull yard wuz lit up bootifully by torches stuck here an' thar on the rocks dat de young uns had put thar fur dat purpose.

Many ob de *sweet* damsels dat wuz a keepin' time with dere dainty leetle foots to de music of Ned's ole banjo. Others wuz singin' wid voices as sweet as doe dey b'longed to big white angels an' to one ob de mos' gran' mag-ni-fi-cent tunes:

"Some say John de Babtist wuz nuthin' but a Jew,
But de Holy Bible tells us he wuz a preacher too."

Dose who wuz mo' on 'eligious an' cared less for Johnny de Baptizer, wuz a keepin' up a dreadful rampus by shoutin' dose gran' an' soul-inspirin' words:

"Uncle Ephraim's got de coon an' gwine on, gwine on!
An lef' me lookin' up a tree," etc.

I wuz just erossin' de yard to jine dis latter ban' when I wuz struck speechless by seein' one of the daintiest leeble critters dat eber trod dis sinful arth. No wonder I tink dat wuz such a gran' shuckin', for dat bery night I axed Sallie to jine me in de holy bands of padlock an' she, blushin' as red as a rose, 'cepted me fur better or fur wust.

I can't 'scribe no mo' 'bout dat shuckin', fur my hull time wuz tuck up wid my darlin' Sal.

Doe dat wuz many years ago, sar, I neber shall forgit it while I lib.

Sallie an' me have libed to see our chillun an' gran'-chillun grow up an' leabe us; we hab had hard times an' griefs, but my lub fur Sal an' her lub fur me has neber growed less since we fust koteded site of each udder at dat corn-shuckin'.

E. R., '02.



Only an Idle Dream.

FROM the brilliantly lighted rooms of the summer hotel at Atlantic City came the sound of music and laughter. A goodly crowd of beautiful women were assembled there, but Dorothy Randolph was the acknowledged belle of the season. She was a typical Southern girl, brown-eyed and dark hair. To-night she was dressed in a clinging gown of pale yellow which accorded perfectly with her dark beauty. She was dancing; but as the music ceased, her partner led her to an open window and they stood looking out into the night together.

Lieutenant Richard Somers, or "Dick," as his friends called him, with whom Dorothy had been dancing, was a handsome man, several years her senior; and although he came from a fine old Southern family, he had no income except his salary as an officer in the army. He was now on a furlough of two months, which he had been spending with his uncle at Atlantic City. Here he had met and fallen deeply in love with Dorothy Randolph. But Dorothy was engaged to Robert Esdale, who had come down with their party to spend the summer.

He was the son of a wealthy banker, and at his father's death would be at the head of one of the largest firms in New York. Although he was handsome and kind, Dorothy was continually wishing that he were not quite so kind, for she seemed to tire of being forever petted and waited upon. Consequently, when Dick Somers arrived at the hotel she was delighted to find him congenial with her in every respect. Many were the walks and drives they had taken, and at the frequent dances given there Dick and Dorothy were often seen together.

To-night as they stood by the window, it was Dorothy who broke the silence which had fallen between them.

"It's stifling in here; let's go out," she said.

They strolled from the crowded room out into the cool air. From the ocean winds came laden with the fragrance of the night, while from the ball-room floated out the waltz from "The Serenade Dreaming."

“I must be dreaming, Dorothy,” said Dick, “that I am walking here on the beach with you to-night, and to-morrow—to-morrow my time is up, and I will go back to the humdrum existence of a second lieutenant, but I’ll carry some sweet memories with me. Oh, Dorothy! if they might be more than memories! If you would only tell me that I might keep you always.”

The music had changed to “The Belle of New York.”

“When we are married—”

The violins seemed almost to speak the words to the man and girl out on the beach.

“I will be tender and I will be true
When I am married, sweetheart, to you.”

Just then a man came hurrying from the hotel, and coming up to where they stood, he cried, “Aren’t you cold, Dorothy? Here are your wraps.”

It was Esdale, and as the three walked back to the house together, the violins sang—

“It was just an idle dream.”

That night after all was still, Dorothy Randolph stood at her window looking out over the water with a dreamy expression on her face. The song of the violins seemed forever sounding in her ear:

“I will be tender and I will be true
When I am married, sweetheart, to you.”

But the waves beating ceaselessly against the shore, murmured back to her—

“It was just an idle dream.”

Z. P., '03



me more
an any-
st water
ed evils
I most
to all
kidney
om.
water,
e of this
idney or

Mineral
derived
several
r I had
month
I have
of it.
I am
ve been
he use
and
oon
nte
nce
the
water.
have
gestion
was a
ginning
sufferer
pain
kidney
most
gim-
ked
man
eople
them
me for
be with-
Mineral
ave this
experi-
y is the
afflicted
ure them

Springs
nd can
edical
s water
ver for
do be-
nd this
onstipa-

rior to
from
to use
derived
tory.
an

FOR WEAL OR WOE

A Mock Wedding A

LIVINGSTON · Lisle

GREENVILLE, S. C., Dec. 17.—Last evening the faculty and students of Chicora College assembled in the parlors of that institution to witness the marriage of Violet Edwena (Eubank Taylor), the lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. W. Lisle (Olive Kelley, Manye Woods) to Mr. Eugene St. Clair Livingston (May Little).

Everything was in readiness on this unique occasion. The parlors were tastefully arranged and artistically decorated with pot plants and white chrysanthemums. Harmonious combinations of white and green were exquisitely blended in the elaborate decorations.

The bridal party entered promptly at 8 o'clock to the sweet strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, rendered by Miss Alice McCarley. First came four pretty little flower girls, scattering flowers. Next came the bridesmaids, attractively attired in white point de spray, carrying bunches of white chrysanthemums, and leaning on the arm of the groomsman, who were arrayed in dress suits. This presented a most pleasing picture, enhanced by the appearance of the maid of honor, Miss Mary Sue Walker, wearing light green silk and carrying white chrysanthemums, with masses of green foliage. Then followed the bride, leaning on the arm of her father. She was exceedingly beautiful in white chiffon over white

satin. The handsome groom entered with Mr. Clarence Simpson, the best man.

The bridesmaids and groomsmen were:

Miss Remer Farmer, Mr. Anthony Boleman.

Miss Mildred Lindsay, Mr. Liland Folger.

Miss Fannye Kerrigan, Mr. Emil Douglas.

Miss Leila Thompson, Mr. Bert Gregg.

Miss Marie McWhirter, Mr. Helard Littlejohn.

Miss Edith McCutchen, Mr. Dee DuPree.

Miss Mattie Tripp, Mr. Louis Smith.

Messrs. Vivian Folger and Bernard Wood ushered in their usual graceful manner.

The ceremony was impressively performed by Bishop Perry.

Immediately afterwards the bridal party repaired to adjoining rooms, where a sumptuous reception was tendered, by the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, who have endeared themselves to the hearts of their teachers and fellow students.

This, the second mock wedding at Chicora, is one long to be remembered by all present, and was thoroughly enjoyable in every way, leaving us a store of pleasant memories.

F. B. K.

a few minutes by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and is better, Salt

acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rashes during teething time. 35 cents per box. Pharmacy.

using Fra-
or more
derived gr
especially
feeling in
I did befo
I most ea
water to
bladder ti

I have
Water for
great benef
years befo
been a gre
kidney tr
after begi
the mark

I take
excellency
I have bee
and I herel
of it to al
indigestio
and woul
earnestly
persons at
trouble and

I take pl
been almos
and kidne
great suffe
on the m
Water. I
tion and
I have tr
Franklin
good at
thing
bilious;
had be
suffered
it may
in gold
bles.

I write
Franklin
feel much
much me
no good, a
drinking t
mend it fo

In reply
ence to m
lin Minera
began to
sufferer f
attending
found no
prescribed
ing that t
began to
and in

er
atly
d and
st since,
I would
commend
ers from
een using
ive found
early years.
Also
ticipation,
l me of
that its
similarly
may have
ery valu-
pleasure
s.
s water I
ad its bad
oon the
e use of
ad within
remarka-
s he was
recom-
e simi-
ay opin-
Mineral
e months
aric acid,
en using
th most
ts. My
ge, was
ed with
ven me
water
ted the
furnished
d it has
mmend-
believe
r the
the

WANTED—By Fanny Kerrigan. A bird which is common in these parts but does not sing (Martin).

WANTED—By the President. One switch; to be used advantageously for two purposes.

WANTED—By Jessie McHugh. A chair in Chicora, and that well dusted.

WANTED—By Miss Floy. A man with a title.

WANTED—By Miss Jones. A little dignity.

WANTED—By Miss McFarland. To know which direction to take.

WANTED—By Professor Graham. To know "Why?"

WANTED—By Lucile Humphreys. To go to Donald(s) and be called (Cold) well.

WANTED—By Mary Sue Walker. Some one to Brad "em" well.

WANTED—By Eubank Taylor. To C. A. "cute boy."

WANTED—By Louise Johnson. To know if she will change her name.

WANTED—By Lila Folger. A Dixon pencil.

WANTED—By Nan Westmoreland. A man who is not lazy.

WANTED—By Alice McCarley. To Put(a)man in Chicora.

WANTED—By Mary Sheldon. Music to the words, "You Can't Lose Me, Charlie."

WANTED—By Ethel Connell. A new book to Reid.

WANTED—By Dee DuPree. To be a Hunter.

WANTED—By Edith McCutchen. To know if June Wil(l)so(n) come.

WANTED—By Helen Littlejohn. A Taylor made suit.

WANTED—By Daisy Witherspoon. The Grand pa.

WANTED—By Olive Ke¹ Nettles.

WANTED—By street

WANTED—By Janie Hanson. Some Good rooms to Let

WANTED—By Carrie Lou Dorroh. A Green Rea of sunshine.

WANTED—By Ellen Perry. A youthful Professor.

WANTED—By Vivian Folger. Some sweet Williams.

WANTED—By Remer Farmer. A little brown Jug.

WANTED—By Ema Douglas. A typewritten letter.

WANTED—By Mattie Tripp. Permission to correspond with her father.

WANTED—By Mary Little. To meet (H) a good boy.

WANTED—By Annie Shanklin. To live forever in sight of the Cra(t)igs.

WANTED—By Elizabeth Eady. To play the (M)organ.

WANTED—By Lois Smith. To behold a Saint in all his glory.

WANTED—By Mildred Lindsay. To dwell beside the Jordan.

WANTED—By Lois Cowan. To be White.

WANTED—By Eula Dunn. A sweet Bobolink.

WANTED—By Bernice Wood. A trip to Belton.

WANTED—By Janie Johnson. Some Good rooms to Let(t).

WANTED—By Daisy Witherspoon. To see Grand pa.

WANTED—By Olive Kelley. A bunch of Nettles.

WANTED—By Annie Bray. To ride on the street car.

WANTED—By Berte Simpson. To Cheat "em" if she can.

M. L. J., '02.

WANTED—By Carrie Lou Dorroh. A Green Rea of sunshine.

WANTED—By Ellen Perry. A youthful Professor.

WANTED—By Vivian Folger. Some sweet Williams.

WANTED—By Remer Farmer. A little brown Jug.

M. L. L., '02.

WANTED—By Carrie Lou Dor
Rea of sunshine.

WANTED—By Ellen L
Professor

WANTED—By Viv
Williams.

WANTED—By

“The God Love’s Party” of 1902.

In Honor of the Poor Girls of McBee Terrace.

— — — — —

VALENTINE’S DAY was this year everywhere greeted with much pleasure, but especially by the Chicora girls, as the occasion of a delightful and novel entertainment given by the Junior Class to the Seniors and their numerous friends. On this special evening the reception-rooms manifested the fairy-like touch of a supernatural hand; for Cupid appearing in the late wintry afternoon and making a free distribution of hearts, had tastefully scattered them over the spacious parlors.

For any one who had lost his heart, it was certainly an excellent place to find another. Yet, having already made a selection, it would be a difficult matter to resist losing it again to one of the College girls, whose merry laughter and happy faces contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening.

As each guest entered the parlor a portion of a heart was given him with the request to find his “worthy match,” or “matchless worth,” in which he was assisted by the “Relief” Committee.

After finding the corresponding half of his heart, each gentleman was presented with a card and a pencil, and asked to make a sketch of his partner. Some proved themselves to be very good artists, while others deserved the “booby” prize as well as the one who won it.

Toward the close of the evening dainty refreshments, ordered by “Cupid from Mt. Olympia,” were served, and it was with great regret that the guests departed at the ringing of the “steel”—a sound that will always haunt the Chicora girls.

M. T., '03.



The Gypsy Tea.

ON the evening of March 17, 1902, Chicora was a scene of gayety. A "Gypsy Tea" was given by the Seniors in honor of the Juniors, and for the benefit of the Annual. The parlors were beautifully decorated with the class colors—green, yellow and white—and, as the name would imply, the Seniors were all dressed in gypsy costume.

Perhaps the most interesting and amusing feature of the evening was the tent of the celebrated fortune-tellers, Mesdames Alil and Nainviv Reglof. The prophecies were many and varied, and none could fail to see the great talent of the gypsies, which discerned with such clearness future events.

After the fortunes had all been told the guests were taken to the banquet-hall, where they were regaled with delicious refreshments. The parlors were crowded, and we were all truly sorry to hear the accustomed, but unwelcome, sound of the steel at eleven o'clock.

A. A. M., '02.



TEACHER AND GREEN STUDENT IN EXPRESSION CLASS.

Expression Class.

MOTTO: If you don't get it right the first time, begin over again.

AIM:

Striving to be dramatic.

COLORS:

Red (book) and Green (student).

DREAD OF OUR LIVES: Evolutions of Expression 1, 2, 3.

YELL.

Hi! Hi! Hi!

Hur-rah, rah!

Elocute! Elocute!

Forever—Ah!

STUDENTS.

Sallie Beattie

Susie Graham

Annie Kellett

Helen Littlejohn

Elizabeth Eady

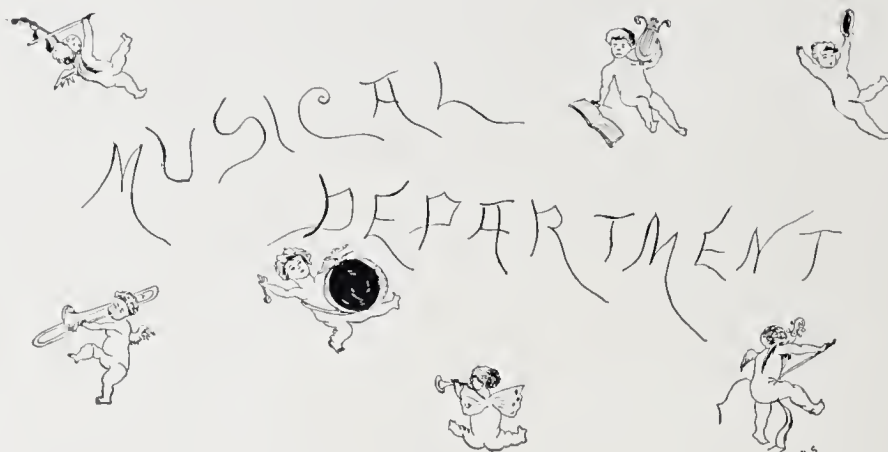
Nettie Pack

Janie Johnson

Fannye Kerrigan

Theodora Hayne

Josephine Goodwin



Director.

JOSEF HAGSTROM.

Motto:

"The man who hath no music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

SHAKESPEARE.

Vocal Pupils.

GERTRUDE ANSEL
ETHEL CONNELL
MRS. W. P. CONYERS
DAISY CRAWFORD
EULA DUNN
ZAIDEE POE

BERTIE GREGG
JESSIE MCHUGH
ERLINE ST. AMAND
MABEL TILDEN
MISS WILLIAMS
MRS. YOUNG

ANNIE BRAY
FANNIE BLAIR
DAISY CRAWFORD
BLANCHE CLINKSCALES
ELLA B. COPELAND
EULA M. DUNN

FLAVIE DECAMPS
LUCY DEHON
ELIZABETH EADY
GRACE GRAHAM
ADA GRAHAM
RUBY HAMMOND

THEODORE HAYNE
LUCILE HUMPHREYS
JANIE JOHNSON
ETHEL KING

MILDRED LINDSAY
PATTI MCAULAY
NETTIE PACK

Instrumental Pupils.

ALICE MCCARLEY
JESSIE MCHUGH
MARIE MCWHIRTER
NELLE NORRIS
BESSIE PEDEN
CARRIE PEDEN

HELEN LITTLEJOHN
HATTIE POE
LUCY POE
NELLIE POE
ZAIDEE POE
ESTELLE REA

FANNIE RILEY
LOIS SMITH
ERLINE ST. AMAND
JENNIE TIMMONS

LOUISE E. WHITMIRE
ELLEN WILSON



The Westminster League.

OFFICERS.

ALICE MCCARLEY,	President
EDITH MCCUTCHEN .	Vice-President
EMA DOUGLAS .	Secretary
JANIE JOHNSON .	Treasurer

DURING none of the years of Chicora's short life has she been without some sort of a Christian organization. It was first called the Y. W. C. A., but the name was changed in 1900 to the Westminster League. Devotional meetings are held every Sunday afternoon except one, which is reserved for missions. The program committee strive to make the meetings very useful and instructive, and we can not but feel that, in this way, much influence is exerted upon the religious life of the institution. The greater part of the girls and all of the teachers are members. Each meeting is led by one of the girls, and occasionally Dr. Preston, or one of the teachers, kindly consents to give us a short talk.

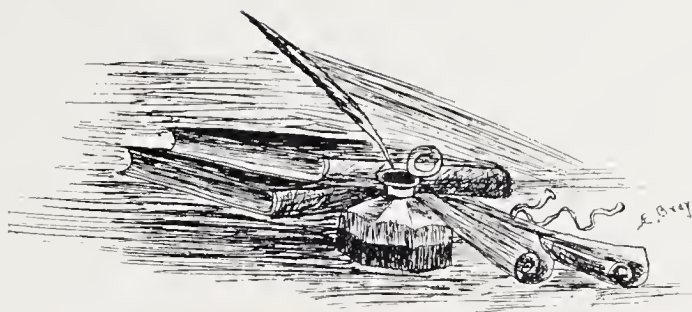
The purpose of the League is not only to revive religious life at home, but also to awaken an interest in foreign missions, and once during each week the "Mission Club" meets for the special study of this great subject.

Last year the League adopted a little orphan at the Thornwell Orphanage, Clinton, S. C., and we are glad to be able to say that our girls this year have willingly carried out the noble work begun by their predecessors.

It is our custom to hold one or two public meetings during the year. The one this year was a very interesting one, especially as we had with us the Rev. Dr. E. O. Guerrant, who was then holding a meeting in our city.

We feel that God will richly bless this work which we are endeavoring to carry on, and it is our sincere desire that some of our graduating class may go forth to the foreign field.

A. A. M., '02



The Cothran Literary Society.

MOTTO :

“ Knowledge is power.”

COLORS :

Red and White.

OFFICERS.

DEE DUPREE, President

NAN WESTMORELAND, First Vice-President

SCRIVEN COLCLOUGH, Second Vice-President

MARY SHELTON, Censor

ALICE MCCARLEY, Secretary

ELLEN PERRY, Treasurer

JANIE JOHNSON, Critic

ROLL.

BRAY	BRADLEY	COLCLOUGH	CONNELL
COPELAND	CUNNINGHAM	COWAN	DEJON
DOUGLAS	DUNN	EADY	EADY
FARMER	FOLGER	FOLGER	GREGG
HAMMOND	HUMPHREYS	JOHNSON	JOHNSON
KELLEY	KERRIGAN	KELLETT	LITTLEJOHN
LIGON	LINDSAY	LITTLE	MCKEIL
MCWHIRTER	MCCUTCHEN	MCMAULEY	MC HUGH
MAYES	NORRIS	PERRY	PEDEN
PEDEN	RILEY	REA	SHANKLIN
WOOD	SMITH	SMITH	STODDARD
WITHERSPOON	SADLER	TILDEN	TIMMONS
WESTMORELAND	THOMPSON	TAYLOR	TRIPP
			WALKER

HISTORY.

The Cothran Literary Society, named in honor of Judge J. S. Cothran, a zealous worker for and liberal contributor to our College, was organized in October, 1899, with thirty-six active members. The roll has increased yearly, and now numbers fifty-eight. Meetings are held semi-monthly, and at each of these the program for the following meeting is announced in order to give ample time for preparation. Officers consisting of President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Censor, and Critic, are elected at the beginning of the school year to serve the full term. The Society has not only grown in numbers but also in material; and its future is indeed a bright one.

D. D., '02.



Belated Sisters.

FLOWERS : Old Maid Pinks and Bachelor Buttons.

TEXT :

“A Him will come to Her that waits.”

PURPOSE :

To find belated brethren.

FACULTY.

AS THEY SEEM.

MISS MARY FLORENCE PRESTON	“A soul with but a single thought, A heart that beats for one.”
MISS ANNA LILA RILEY	“’T is better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.”
MISS EMMA AUGUSTA OEWELE	“Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: It might have been.”
MISS NANNIE WITHERSPOON MCFARLAND	“I am nobody’s darling, No body cares for me.”
MISS FREDERICA “QUE” JONES	“‘He will not come,’ she said, I’m weary, weary; I would that I were dead.”
MISS ETHEL LOUISA LATHAM	“Sighing for some one to love her, Some one to call her his own.”

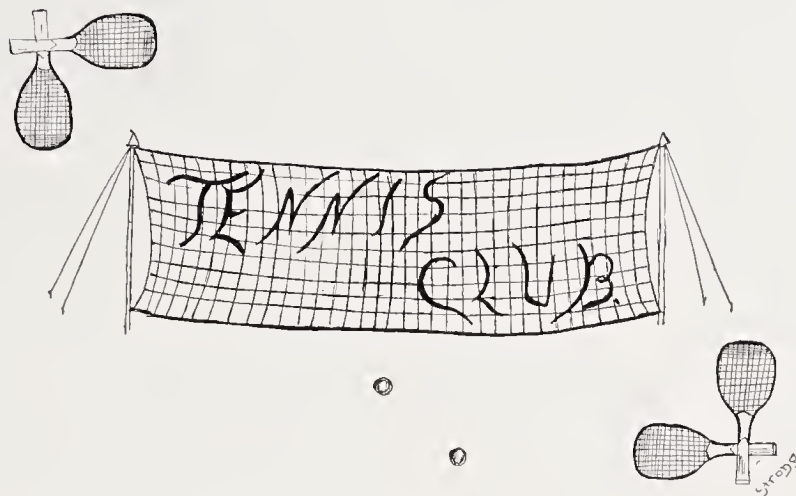
FAVORITE HYMNS.

Oh, for a man whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunned at the tropics or chilled at the poles,
If man be there, there is happiness too.

Backward, turn backward,
Oh time, in your flight,
Make us all young again
Just for to-night.

Let us then be up and posing
With our eyes on some man set,
Still pursuing, still proposing,
And each of us a husband get.

Send us a man while we’re
Young and quite gay,
And we’ll never—no, never
Turn another away!



MOTTO:

"Aim well before you strike."

OBJECT:

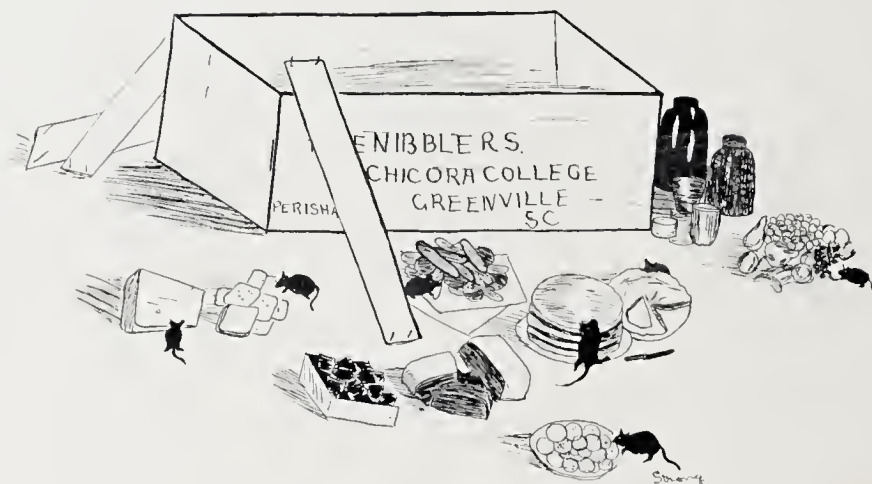
To hit balls

OFFICERS.

MAMIE McNEILL	President
MARY WITHERSPOON	Secretary and Treasurer
HELEN LITTLEJOHN	Manager

MEMBERS.

Janie Johnson		Olive Kelley
Mary Witherspoon	Annie Bray	
Helen Littlejohn	Bertie Cunningham	
Fannie Kerrigan	Mildred Lindsay	
Marie McWhirter	Mamie McNeill	



The Nibblers.

"Oh, for a slice of the vanished ham,
A loaf of the bread that is stale."

MEMBERS.	CLUB NAME.	ALWAYS SAYING—	LONGS FOR—
MARY LOUISE JOHNSON	"Sid"	Why, the ridiculous idea!	Her name to be changed
FANNYE KERRIGAN	"Captain"	Really and truly.	U. S. Army Captain.
EUBANK TAYLOR	"Tiny"	Imagine my feelings!	"A little gentleman."
VIVIAN FOLGER	"Will"	Don't you know?	"The old folks at home."
LOTTIE LOU EADY	"Mac"	Good morning, Carrie.	"A town sonny."
MARY SUE WALKER	"Zebra"	O! lawsy mussy!	A striped mule.
ELIZABETH EADY	"Dock"	Certainly is beautiful.	A kitty.
LILA FOLGER.	"Stub Pen"	You don't mean it!	Silence.

BUSY THUS—

1. Giggling.
2. Thinking of war.
3. Making eyes at the moon.
4. Relating childhood experiences.
5. Planning excitement.
6. Writing notes of thanks.
7. Peeping in the mail-box.
8. "Fooling."

EVER SINGING—

I Don't Care if You Never Come Back.
My Soldier Lover.
Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder
Show Me the Way to Go Home.
There'll Be No Faculty There.
My Little Mule and I.
Because I Love You.
The Same Old Story.

REQUISITE: Nibble—'T will last longer.

CAUTION: Keep quiet. Don't flirt. Hold to your "Points."

Grab! Grab! Nibble! Nibble!
Fuss! Fuss! Scribble! Scribble!
All of one accord.

IMPROMPTU MEETINGS: At all hours. Division of everything edible.

Little boxes of taffy,
Little bags of fruit,
Make the Nibblers laughy,
And anything but mute.

TOASTS.

Here 's to the Nibblers,
Long may they live,
Many a feast may they give.

Hurrah for the ambrosia so fine,
The turkey and pickles off which we did dine.

Long life and prosperity forever, forever,
The Nibblers! The Nibblers! die may they never.

F. B. K.



The Dramatic Club.

MANY and varied have been the concerts of this co-operative organization. Announcements of their entertaining performances never fail to command the attention of faculty and students, who form an appreciative audience, thereby encouraging development of talent and pleasant pastime for Saturday evenings.

Inimitable and much enjoyed was "The School in the Sticks," one of their latest and most celebrated productions. The "Phantom Ball" was exceedingly interesting—simultaneously thrilling, delighting, and terrifying. Pleasing was the effect upon the audience; but terrified were the visitors in the parlors—only because of the limitation of their field of vision by folding doors. The striking originality of the Dramatic Club's comedies is at once noticeable, and bespeaks future progress, to say nothing of the splendor of their tragedies.

"Practice makes perfect," is indeed their motto, and it has been such since the beginning of their bright career, which is now crowned with success. Each time they appear we note a vast improvement. Perseverance thus continued and carried to the extent of the real stage will place them among the world's great actresses. However, in the pursuit of any vocation, may they soar to the highest pinnacle of fame, is the wish of one who is deeply concerned, and enthusiastic over their past attainments.

MEMBERS.

ANNIE BOLEMAN	MAY LITTLE
EMA DOUGLAS	MILDRED LINDSAY
ELIZABETH EADY	ALICE MCCARLEY
LOTTIE LOU EADY	MARIE MCWHIRTER
LILA FOLGER	ELLEN PERRY
REMER FARMER	ANNIE SHANKLIN
VIVIAN FOLGER	CLARA SIMPSON
JANIE JOHNSON	LOIS SMITH
LOUISE JOHNSON	EUBANK TAYLOR
FANNYE KERRIGAN	MATTIE TRIPP
OLIVE KELLEY	MARY SUE WALKER
HELEN LITTLEJOHN	NAN WESTMORELAND

F. B. K.



The Last of the Shadows.

MEMBERS.

REMER FARMER

LOUISE JOHNSON

FANNYE KERRIGAN

ANNIE SHANKLIN

How dear to the Shadows' hearts are the scenes of their school days
 When fond recollection presents them to view:
 The feasts, the songs, the roomy old room,
 And every loved spot which the Shadows knew.
 The large open window, the couch that stood by it,
 The grass, and the grounds where the bright sunlight fell;
 The lawn of the College and the dark Green House nigh it,
 And e'en the rude Stump the Shadows knew well.

The Old Oaken Stump, the bark-bound Stump, the rain-beaten Stump
 The Shadows knew well.

The rain-beaten Stump they hailed as a treasure,
 For often at eve when returned from the meal,
 They found it a source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
 How frequent they sat there with cheeks that were glowing,
 And quick to the sound of the steel—all pell-mell!
 Then soon with books, papers, and fun overflowing,
 And dropping with languor they heard the last bell.

How sweet from the busy school-room to go to it,
As poised on the earth, it inclined to their rest:
No elegant settle could tempt them to leave it,
Tho' upholstered with velvet, the best of the best:
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell
As fancy reverts to their College relation,
And sighs for the Stump which they knew well.

Remains of the Shadows' Constitution.

ARTICLE I.—Be it distinctly understood, that if any Shadow betrays a Shadow that Shadow betraying a Shadow will not be a Shadow of the Shadows, but will be, without the shadow of a doubt, the shadow of death. This is for the Shadows of the Shadows by the Shadows.

To the Departed Shadows of '01.

Thy voice is on the Greenville air,
They hear thee where the Reedy runs:
Thou comest in their laughing puns,
And in the jesting thou art there.
Their love involves the love before;
Their love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mixed with fame and honor thou,
They seem to love thee more and more.
Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
They have thee still, and they rejoice;
They prosper circled with thy voice;
They shall not lose thee, tho' they die.

F. B. K.

The Victoria Sisters.

COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold.

AIM: Getting out of study hall.

MOTTO: Nothing but sit and sit and read and read.

YELL.

A story, Ah! A story, Ah!
Of the grand and great Victoria!
We love her well;
No tongue can tell
The love we bear Victoria!

MEMBERS.

BERTIE GREGG	EUBANK TAYLOR
ELIZABETH EADY	JENNIE TIMMONS
JANIE JOHNSON	MAMIE McNEIL



The Shoe-lacing Crowd.

EVERY morning at half-past six o'clock the steel rings loud and clear. The girls are aroused from peaceful slumbers and Morpheus no longer wields his sweet influence. In the study hall they must be by seven o'clock, prepared for hard study until eight. Then the welcome sound of the breakfast bell peals forth on the morning air, sending a thrill of joy to the hearts of all—especially the Shoe-lacing Crowd.

They are "sleepy-heads" who congregate around the rostrum on which the presiding teacher is stationed. She is there for the purpose of enforcing discipline, with eyes and ears in first-class order. Regardless, however, the Shoe-lacing Crowd is seen each morning in their accustomed places, lacing shoes at a rapid (?) rate. Their progress is very noticeable as they sit with half-closed eyes, lolling heads, and a general "want more sleep" appearance. If some one should ask why they hadn't laced those shoes before leaving their rooms, the scarcely audible reply would be, "Don't-spec'-we-were-wake-good."

The Shoe-lacers! O, the Shoe-lacers! The truth of it is this: When the half-past six o'clock steel rings they hear, but don't heed. They give a long-drawn sigh, one dismal groan, and are soon lulled into a doze by the constant ringing. So no wonder their shoes are never laced when they reach study hall.

But why lace them earlier? There's nothing so nice as a little extra nap. Just in time to answer "Present!" keeps off a tardy mark, and the shoe-lacing can be done while the roll is being called. Too, the wee bit of sleep indulged in gives them the advantage of the "Smart Alecks" who "mosy" around dressing and primping from steel to steel.

In shoe-lacing if the Shoe-lacers skip a few eyelets what does it matter? They have slept longer than any one else and are on time. The Shoe-lacing Crowd is all right! If any one opposes this, make it known by saying aye. No ayes. Therefore they are all right. All right!

MEMBERS.

	Dee DuPree	Estelle Rea	
Bernice Wood			Pattie McAuley
	Margaret Harmon	Bertie Cunningham	
Edith McCutchen			Ala Smith
	Fannie Riley	Carrie Stoddard	
Mamie Mayes			Daisy Crawford
	Daisy Bradley	Mary Witherspoon	
Lillian Rogers			Annie Bray
	Annie Boleman	Ella Belle Copeland	
Jennie Timmons			Bertie Gregg
	Annie Kellett	Bessie Peden	
Fannie Blair			Ruby Hammond
	Lucy Dehon	Blanche Clinkscales	
	and many others.		

F. B. K.

“The Do-Littles.”

Meetings—Hall A—Ma's room.
Termination—A fight
Adjournment—Ringing of last steel.
Motive—To kill “Father Time.”

Motto: “Trust and trot.”



Holiday amusement—
Telling fortunes.
Schoolday amusements—
Too numerous to mention.

COLORS: Old Green, New Green.

NAMES	OTHERWISE	EMPLOYMENT	ADMIRERS	INSTRUCTORS IN	HABITUAL EXCLAMATIONS	MATHEMATICAL OUTLOOK.
Renner Farmer	“Sissy”	Hunting Sweet William's.	Wil' Candy boys	Posing	Oh, P-haw!	Where there's a will there's a way
Louise Johnson	“Chriss”	Studying life of Gen. (U) Johnston	Stuffers	Roof-walking	The mischief!	“I want my duke!”
Annie Shanklin	“Shank”	Listening to Katty duds	Druggists	Winking	Ge ganny!	Any old time
May Little	“Grasshopper”	Talking to Honorary Member	Fighting school boys	Making “goo-goo” fingers	Go to thunder!	?
Em & Douglas	“Hooker”	Planning a trip to St. Louis	Telegraph operators	Expression	I don't give a Billy!	Undecided
Fanny Kerrigan	“Franky”	Taming Martins	Military men	Flirting	I'll be swanee jinks!	Haven't given it a thought
Alice McCarley	“Midget”	Reading “Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress”	Musicians	Benevolence	The idea!	Who knows?
Nan Westmoreland	“Ma”	Watching the workman	University students	Experimenting	Gosh!	One year's grace
Clara Simpson	“Berte”	Dreaming of Henry I	Bummers	Courtesy	Great government!	Blighted
Ellen Pery	“Aunt, Char-ity”	Consoling the children	“chil-Professor	Talking	Blame it!	o

Honorary Member—“Uncle Frank Charity.”

Shorthand Class, '02.



Roll.	So Goes Their Class Fame.	End in View.
EMA DOUGLAS	Sharpening pencils	Permanent job
FANNYE KERRIGAN	Losing note-books	Easy time
BERNICE WOOD	Teaching	Big wages
MARY SUE WALKER	Cutting	Tony position
SCRIVEN COLCLOUGH	Loquacity	Social surroundings
FLORA MACDONALD	Correctness	Competence
MARGARET HARMON	Embarrassment	Expertness
DAISY CRAWFORD	Failure to understand	Independence
Instructor:		
MISS FREDERICA JONES	Rapid dictation	Perfection

Two Years Hence.

MISS EMA DOUGLAS is most pleasantly situated as stenographer in a thriving wholesale house of Chicago. Her amiability is still evident, and greeting to Shorthand Class of '02 as cordial as of yore.

Miss Fannye Kerrigan, being fond of leisure, resides at home, deriving much real pleasure from serving *home folk* in the capacity of stenographer. She is betrothed on the twelve months plan and enjoying life.

Miss Bernice Wood commands enormous wages at one of the largest medical institutions in the United States. She is averse to all admirers and looking out for No. 1.

Miss Mary Sue Walker confronts us with beaming countenance, as she bids us enter her cozy office which overlooks the great business portion of Broadway. Here she is employed in a celebrated life insurance concern of New York City. She is heart whole and fancy free.

Miss Scriven Colclough's apparent happiness impresses one with the sublimity of mundane existence. We find her in the midst of many coworkers at a noted publishing house in Atlanta, Ga. She is highly pleased with the sociality met with, and prefers "single blessedness."

Miss Flora Macdonald teaches stenography in a Southern Female College, where she is adored by students and beloved by faculty—all regretting her engagement to an *old bachelor*.

Miss Margaret Harmon is in unlimited demand. A college president in Boston considers himself fortunate in securing her services. She has many lovers—but her ideal has not appeared.

Miss Daisy Crawford, after having made a career for herself in the world of stenographers, is now planning her trousseau.

Miss Frederica Jones, our dear teacher, to whom our present success is in a great measure due, reigns as queen of her own happy home. She resides in the Land of Flowers—with a handsome and devoted "hubby."

F. B. K.





LOUISE LIGON President and Chorister

MEMBERS.

MARY SHELDON	} First Soprano.		} Mezzo-Soprano. ANNIE SADLER
CARRIE PEDEN BESSIE PEDEN
NELLE NORRIS EULA DUNN
ANNIE KELLETT LILLIAN ROGERS
RUBY HAMMOND	} Tenor.		} Bass. MABEL TILDEN
ETHEL CONNELL DAISY CRAWFORD
PATTI MCAULAY LEILA THOMPSON
SCRIVEN COLCLOUGH ESTELLE REA
LOUISE LIGON	} Discord.			
LUCILE HUMPHREYS				
LOIS COWAN				
MAGGIE THOMPSON				

MOTIVE:

To quiet the nerves of teacher in adjoining room.

USUAL PROGRAM:

Singing in chorus, and often solos, as designated by the President.

PLACE OF MEETING:

Cell No. 2.

The only requirement for admission is that the claimant be able to sound notes without an instrument, as it is against the laws of the organization to use an accompaniment of any description. Penalty for non-appearance at meeting, no admission to the next spread of the "C. C. Club."

MOTTO:

"Music is not only a body healer; it is a mind regulator."



The College Crammers Club.

OFFICERS.

MARY SHELDON	President
SCRIVEN COLCLOUGH	Vice-President
MABEL TILDEN	Secretary
LUCY DEHON	Treasurer

MEMBERS.

	ANNIE SADLER	RUBY HAMMOND
LOUISE LIGON	LOIS COWAN	NELLE NORRIS
	CARRIE LOU DORROH	ETHEL CONNELL
CARRIE PEDEN	MAGGIE THOMPSON	LEILA THOMPSON
	LUCILE HUMPHREYS	EULA DUNN

YELL.

Rum, Ray, Ri Re!
C. C. C., See!

The College Crammers of Old Hall B.

PLACE OF MEETING:

The room lately favored with a box from home.

TIME OF MEETING:

Just after the monthly allowance has been received.

COLORS:

Garnet and White.

"Come to my room after study hall," is the welcome call of the members of the "C. C. Club," when one of their number is to "set up."

On some occasions each one contributes a certain amount, and all participate in a delicious feast. The first occurrence of this kind was on October 28, '01, given in honor of Miss Latham the much-loved teacher of Hall B. This being a special affair, there was dropped 'neath her door a little white-winged messenger reading thus:

The College Crammers Club of Hall B.

requests the pleasure of your company

at a " Spread "

to be given in Room Number Four

this evening, October the twenty-eighth,

Nineteen hundred and one,

From 7:30 to 9.

The evening was greatly enjoyed by the C. C. C's. and their guest, who was an admirable addition to the rounds of gaiety. This was naught in comparison to the next event of a similar nature. Then the Club was entertained by Miss Latham! The chafing-dish with its steaming fumes was inviting to behold. Bonbons, fruits, and everything appealing to the appetite of a school girl was in order. The merriment of the crowd may be easily observed from one glance at the above picture.

Throughout the entire session the C. C. C's. have had a full share of fun at feasts—and other times. So brief an account fails to convey more than a faint idea of their many "Royal proceedings."

What 's the matter with Miss Latham ?

She 's all right.

Who 's all right ?

Miss Latham.

What 's the matter with Hall B. ?

It 's all right.

What 's all right ?

Hall B.

Ho ! Hurrah ! for Miss Latham and Old Hall B. !



CHICORA AND SURROUNDING VIEWS.



Chícora Chat.

Junior J., describing the Dean of a distant College, said: "She is a sour old maid and all the girls hate her, she is so crabbed and cross. But I don't know whether she is the Matron or the President's wife."

Miss A., passing a residence on Main Street: "That looks just like the house of that woman who died the other day."

Her companion: "What woman?"

Miss A.: "Oh, you know, that woman who died the other day."

Half an hour later: "Oh, I tell you who that woman was—Queen Victoria!"

Teacher (at recess) rushed into the room and cried: "Girls you must not make so much noise!"

Girls, all awe-struck—"It's recess!"

Junior F.: "I do wish I had a pineapple. Just think, we had five hundred last year."

Senior H.: "Did they all grow on one tree?"

Teacher in English: "M., what did Spenser introduce into English literature?"

M.: "The Spencerian pen."

Teacher in Pedagogy: "Miss W., what is the meaning of hallucinations?"

Miss W.: "Why, that means when you are drunk."

Senior H. (looking at a valentine bedecked with doves): "What made them put so many little chickens on it?"

Special K., meeting her friend's father, a candidate for Governor of South Carolina, said: "I hope he'll be elected, for then I'll visit at the White House."

F.: "That girl certainly is cute."

K.: "Yes, if she would just fix those hair."

New Teacher (at the table): "How often do 'you people' have examinations?"

Girl: "Quarterly."

Teacher: "You mean once a month?"

Girl: "No; four times a year."

M. L.: "Some things disappear so mysteriously."

M. L.: "Yes; there must be a maniae in school."

Question in Bible exam.: "Where was Jesus born?"

Soph. L.'s answer: "Nazareth."

(In a discussion afterwards: "Why, L., you know he was born in Jerusalem.")

Teacher (in despair): "Dear me! I never will learn to teach spelling!"

Fresh H.: "No'm, well, you can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Miss O. (seeing some girls on the roof one rainy night): "What are you all doing?"

J. and W.: "Only experimenting."

B. S. (at baseball game): "I have my heart pinned with Furman colors."

M. L.: "Do you know where Ema is?"

N. W.: "I think she is in her photography class."

Day Pupil: "I went to the Opera House every night for two weeks last summer when Una Clayton was here."

Senior J.: "Who is that—a girl who visited you?"

Miss R.: "Please look in your desks and see if you can find Miss Westmoreland's Apostolic Church."

Special T., to clerk in a dry-goods store: "I'd like to see some eider down."

Clerk: "We haven't any eiderdown, but here is some swan's-down, which is just as good for the complexion."

Miss L.: "Miss X., name some of the historians of the age of Johnson."

Miss X.: "Hume and—Aristotle."

Professor G., on being asked if he objected to having his photo in the Annual, replied: "Well, I don't object, but I'm not anxious."

Senior W.: "We are not either."

Junior S., on being asked the price of milk,: "Twenty cents a dozen."

Senior H., in Practical Philosophy: "Miss R., who is Dr. Dabney's Cousin and why does he spell it with a capital?"

Miss R.: "Why, that is Cousin, a French philosopher."

Senior W., just before Geometry exam., began her prayers thus: "O Lord, let ab=be."

Senior D., to usher of First Church: "What made you let those girls occupew my pie?"

Professor G., to class in Civil Government: "Miss F., after Martin Luther tacked his thesis on the door of *Westminster Abbey* he was exiled from England. What did this bring about?"

Miss F.: "I beg your pardon, but I think it was on the door of the Cathedral of Nice, in Germany."

Mr W. (at a reception): "Miss D., where do you live?"

Miss D.: "Oh, in Baltimore, right opposite the White House."

Soph B.: "Say, where is Annie?"

Senior F.: "She has gone to spend the tea."

English Teacher: "Name some of the Southern poets."

Senior F.: "Homer, Milton, er-er-er-Longfellow."

Miss —: "Oh, I know whose pin that is!"

Professor G.: "I 'clare it don't belong to she."





FULL LINE OF
THE
FAMOUS

**“Queen
Quality”**

SHOE FOR
LADIES, IN BOOTS
AND OXFORDS



McAlister & Beattie

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
CARPETS, AND
SHOES.



Always to be found here, the very newest things in
Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Linings, Gloves,
Neckwear, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Handker-
chiefs, Corsets, Hosiery, Belts, Parasols, and Small
Wares.



McAlister & Beattie

AGENTS FOR NEW IDEAL PATTERNS

Founded 1842.

STIEFF PIANOS

"Sing their own praise."

The price of a piano depends on the material, workmanship, and brains that go into it. Good work in a piano is sure to show in daily wear. Whatever price you pay, if you get quality first—the best quality you can secure—satisfaction is likely to follow.

The **STIEFF** has durability, beauty, and a fine singing quality of tone. It's a good piano to buy, and the price is low. In buying the Stieff Piano, you only pay one small profit—that's the manufacturer's.

Write at once for our factory prices and easy terms.

See our exhibit at the Charleston Exposition.

CHAS. M. STIEFF

Piano Manufacturer,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

North and South Carolina, and Georgia
and Alabama Branch Wareroom,

213 N. Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.

C. H. WILMOTH, Manager.

THE TRADING HOUSE OF THE COLLEGE GIRL

WE carry the largest stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, and Millinery in upper Carolina. Parents can give their daughters valuable advice in advising them to do their trading at Greenville's Greatest Store. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀



Mahon & Arnold Co.
211-213 Upper Main St.,
GREENVILLE, S. C.

S T U R D I V A N T

GIRLS CAN'T BE BOYS

If They Could, We Would Sell
Them Clothing Ready to Wear.

As it is, we can only sell them Shoes, Oxfords, Stockings, Underwear, Skirts, Etc., "Ready to Wear." The balance of their wants, such as Dress Goods, we carry in abundance, and our goods are strictly up-to-date, as regards the patterns, styles, etc. Then, if you want to know who the good dressmakers of Greenville are, we can serve you, as we know them all. • You'll find this an economical store; you'll find it a pleasant store to trade in, and we are pleased to have the college girls know us, and know our way of doing business. They'll feel just as much at home here as they did at Likely & Company's, down home. We sell everything that college girls wear.



THE BIG BEE-HIVE

H. K. Sturdivant Co.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

DIAMONDS
JEWELRY
CUT-GLASS
BRIC-A-BRAC

WATCHES
STERLING SILVER
NOVELTIES
LEATHER GOODS

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
OUR REPAIRING DEPARTMENT



J. F. BROWN & BRO.

AVERY PATTON

Family Groceries



103 Main Street

HOME 'PHONE 28
BELL 'PHONE 48

Drs. Weldon & Sterling

DENTISTS

OFFICE

COR. MAIN STREET AND MCBEE AVE.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Reynolds & Earle

SODA WATER

AND

ICE CREAM PARLOR

UP-TO-DATE

PURE DRUGS, ETC.

111 Main Street
GREENVILLE, S. C.

The
Gates Steam
Laundry

207 MAIN STREET

THE
OLDEST AND BEST IN
SOUTH CAROLINA

WILKINS, POE
& COMPANY

212 SOUTH MAIN ST.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Dealers in

HARDWARE,
CUTLERY,
ETC.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF FINE SCIS-
SORS, PENKNIVES, AND TABLE CUTLERY

W. H. HOUSTON
& BROTHER

122 MAIN STREET
GREENVILLE, S. C.

Eastman Kodaks and Supplies,
Books, Magazines, Newspapers,
Blank-Books, Stationery, Xmas
Goods, Picture Frames, Pic-
tures, Etc.

Open from 9 to 10 A. M., Sunday

R. E.
Allen & Brother
Company

Incorporated

WHOLESALE
GROCERS
Hay, Grain, Fruits,
and Produce

539, 541, 543, 545 MAIN STREET
GREENVILLE, S. C.

C. J. PRIDE, JR.

W. L. PATTON

Pride & Patton

SHOES

THE OXFORD TIES and Strap Slippers we are showing this season for \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50 are unusually attractive. Seeing them is convincing, and our pleasure is to show them.

Pride & Patton
SHOE STORE
GREENVILLE, S. C.

J. H. MORGAN

W. H. AUSTIN, JR.

Morgan & Austin

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
SHINGLES, LATHS,
LIME, CEMENT.

ROUGH AND
DRESSED LUMBER

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ETC.

J. A. BULL & CO.
CASH GROCERS

Greenville, South Carolina

It has been said, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." We say, "Tell us what you want to eat, and you will get the best the earth or sea affords." Quality first, price second.

J. A. BULL & CO.

The grocers that think the best is not too good for their customers. : : : : :

T. W. Wyatt & Bro.

LIVERY

FEED AND SALE STABLES

Fine Turnouts at Reasonable Rates.
Nice Rubber-Tire Buggies.

BOTH 'PHONES.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

*LIPSCOMB
& RUSSELL*

WHOLESALE
GROCERS

Cor. Spring and E. Washington Sts.
GREENVILLE, S. C.

JOBBERS OF HEAVY AND FANCY
GROCERIES.

All orders intrusted to us will have care-
ful attention the day they are received.

R Means "Take"

PRESCRIPTIONS

We TAKE especial care to fill prescriptions
correctly and promptly, and that our drugs
are absolutely pure. We TAKE no chances
on this latter point, and you can't afford
to TAKE any chances in the filling of
your prescription. The best pharmacist
is the one you want to patronize. : : : :

WE WANT YOUR PRESCRIPTION TRADE.

MULLINS

FOR MEDICINE

WEST END DRUG STORE

R. P. Mullins

Greenville, S. C.

JOHN H. WILLIAMS, President
FRED. W. SYMMES, Sec'y and Treas.

THE LEADING WHOLESALE AND
RETAIL FURNITURE HOUSE
IN THE CITY.

Symmes-Williams
Furniture Company
(Incorporated)

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL
ORDERS

221 North Main Street
GREENVILLE, S. C.

ALL
PHOTOGRAPHS

GUARANTEED
AT

**Fitzgerald's
Gallery**



SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS

**Walla-Walla
Chewing Gum**

IS

Pure, Sweet, and
Wholesome

TRY IT

Ellis & Hope Company

Wholesale Distributors

GREENVILLE, S. C.

*Bibles,
Poets,
Standard
Books,*

FINE NOTE-PAPER,
PICTURE
FRAMES . . .

FOR SALE
AT . .

FELTON'S BOOK STORE

Established 1877

Henry Briggs, *Pres.* R. E. Allen, *V.-Pres.*
W. L. Gassaway, *Cashier.*

AMERICAN BANK

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Capital, - - - \$75,000
Surplus, - - - \$16,000

Interest Allowed on Time Certificates
of Deposit.

All Cash Collections Remitted for on
Day of Receipt.

Accounts of Individuals, Firms, Banks,
and Other Corporations Solicited.

Promptness, Accuracy, and Safety Guaranteed.

DIRECTORS:

James L. Orr
A. B. Carpenter
R. G. Gaines
Henry Briggs

R. E. Allen
A. Ramseur
C. O. Allen
F. B. Morgan

D. D. Davenport

DON'T EAT ANYTHING BUT

Kiehl's

BON-BONS AND CHOCOLATES.

Fine Line Stationery and Perfumery.

CARPENTER BROS.

Mansion House Drug Store, Greenville, S. C.

COX & WEST

DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy
Groceries

FRUITS AND CANDIES

COR. PENDLETON AND RIVER STS.

PEOPLE'S BANK

Cor. Main and Washington Streets

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Capital, - - - - \$100,000
Surplus, - - - - \$30,000

Frank Hammond, President.

James A. Hoyt, Vice-President.

William C. Beacham, Cashier.

Gilreath-Durham Co.

208-10 South Main Street

(New Stand)

Jewelers and Silversmiths

Fine China, Cut-Glass, and Fancy Goods

A Specialty of Wedding and Engage-
ment Rings, and Bridal Presents

High-Grade, Reliable Goods at Lowest Possible Prices

Miss Nono Thomason

DEALER IN

FINE MILLINERY
AND NOTIONS

No. 116 Main Street

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

GO TO

FAHNESTOCK BROS.

FOR

Plumbing, Gas- and Steam-
Fitting.

Bicycles from \$12.50 up. Bicycle repair-
ing a specialty.

Welsbach Lights. Sewing Machine Needles.

111 WEST WASHINGTON STREET.

HOME 'PHONE, BELL 'PHONE 202

Alexander Finlay

COLD STORAGE

Meats, Fish, Oysters, and Vegetables

216 NORTH MAIN STREET

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Drink "*Hot Cup*" Coffee and
"*Honeymoon*" Tea—25c and 60c
a pound. Best on earth or any-
where around. For sale only by

JOHN WOODSIDE

The Grocer that Sells the Best.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

New Windsor Hotel

Cor. Main and
Washington Streets

GRESHAM & JUSTICE, Proprietors

Misses Rogers & Co.

MILLINERY AND
FANCY GOODS

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Humphreys-Childers Shoe Company

Exclusively Fine Shoes

Dress and Evening Slippers a Specialty

We Respectfully Solicit Your Patronage

JOHN G. PERRY,

101 Augusta Street

FRUITS, CANDIES, NUTS, ETC.
FANCY GROCERIES

Box Paper and Envelopes, Tablets,
Pens, Inks, Etc.

GIVE ME A CALL

Earle & Legge

EARLE'S CORNER
GREENVILLE, S. C.

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, BRISTLE
GOODS, RUBBER GOODS, FINE
PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
AND TOILET
REQUISITES

Careful Attention to Prescriptions

HIGH CLOTHING
NECKWEAR
COLLARS
GRADE SUSPENDERS
HOSIERY

AT

E N D E L ' S

120 MAIN STREET

For

Household Supplies

The Very Best Stoves and Ranges, Cut-
lery, Builders' Hardware, Agricul-
tural Implements, Plumbing,
and Roofing, write to
or call and see

BARR HARDWARE CO.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

H. W. CELY

W. H. CELY

CELY BROTHERS

DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Proprietors Palmetto Iron Works.

All Kinds of Mill Castings, Engine
Repairing, Etc.

624 Pendleton St., GREENVILLE, S. C.

B. A. Morgan

LAWYER

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

R. L. R. Bentz

DRY GOODS AND SHOES

Always a full stock Wash Organdies, French Organdies, Lawns, Gloves, Ribbons, Hosiery, Fans, Corsets, Silks, and Dress Goods. Lowest Prices and Best Quality guaranteed. Special bargains offered every day. We are always glad to show our goods to every one. : : : :

R. L. R. BENTZ
OLD RELIABLE DRY GOODS HOUSE

William G. Surrine

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Miller Building
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

COLD SODA AND
ICE CREAM

Served in the most delicate style at

DEAL'S PARLORS

107 N. Main St.

Private Parlor for Ladies. Everything new and up-to-date.

J. S. DEAL, Proprietor

JULIUS H. HEYWARD ALVIN H. DEAN
T. K. EARLE

Heyward, Dean &
Earle

LAWYERS

Collections a Specialty

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

T. T. SEYLE L. C. RICHEY

SEYLE & RICHEY

Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Hay and Grain, Country Produce and Fresh Jersey Butter a Specialty.

Sole distributors of Melrose Coffee, and Postels' Elegant Flour.

608 Pendleton Street

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

ALL THE GIRLS SAY
WHITMAN'S CANDIES
ARE THE BEST

The place to get Fine Groceries on short notice is at

Finlay Brothers

BARR'S DRY GOODS

114 AND 116 SOUTH MAIN STREET

White Fans, Ribbons, Toilet Soaps
Toilet Cases, Pocket-Books, Paper and
Envelopes, Kid Gloves, Shoe Polish. : :

MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDER
10c for one box 25c for two boxes

Martin F. Ansel

ATTORNEY AT LAW

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

C. F. Dill

ATTORNEY

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

William P. Calhoun

ATTORNEY AT LAW

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Carey, McCullough
& McSwain

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Prompt and careful attention to all
business.

T. P. COTHRAN

W. C. COTHRAN

Cothran & Cothran

LAWYERS

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Offices and connections at Abbeville,
Anderson, Oconee, and Pickens

Dr. J. P. Carlisle

DENTIST

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Haynsworth, Parker
& Patterson

ATTORNEYS AND COUN-
SELLORS AT LAW

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

A. M. Hill

DENTIST

102 $\frac{1}{2}$ Main Street

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

"ALL THE WORLD
LOVES A LOVER."

This may be a fact, but it is also true
that all the world loves a good
breakfast, dinner, or
supper.

COME TO THE

Gem Cafe

WASHINGTON ST.

For all the Delicacies of the Season

**South Carolina
Cotton Oil Company**

GREENVILLE MILL

Manufacturers of

COTTON-SEED OIL,
CAKE, MEAL, LIN-
TERS, AND HULLS.



**Edwards Furniture
Company**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

FURNITURE

AND HOUSEHOLD
SUPPLIES

*C O F F I N S
S T O U E S*

215 Main Street
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA



Our Idea



This is one of
OVER TWENTY
College and
University Annuals
printed and
bound in our
establishment during
the season of 1902.

Is to handle your order for printing just as if you were the only customer we had, and yours the only order in our establishment; as indeed it is, so far as you are concerned. If you don't get this kind of service, you don't get what we want to give you; that's the idea we train our forces to follow.

The Stone Printing *and*
Manufacturing Comp'y

110-112-114 North Jefferson Street.
EDWARD L. STONE, *President.* Roanoke, Va.





